

# Sports Illustrated

JULY 15, 1974 50 CENTS

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## Next week

A MASTER THIEF is St. Louis' Lou Brock, whose run at the historic base-stealing record of Maury Wills—104—is discomfiting opposing batteries while impressing the Cardinals.

PEELING THE ORANGE, West Germany stunned Holland in the World Cup. Clive Gammon announces the match, and action photographs show why the game transfuses millions.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE—what hath sport wrought and what has the state bought? Confronted by the Superdome rising in downtown New Orleans, one can only wonder.

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Lavinia Scott Elliot, our lady in London, has worked for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for nine years as a mixture of correspondent, researcher, travel agent, consul and ambassador extraordinary. In between supplying background information and factual detail for stories, she makes European hotel reservations for writers and photographers, arranges for press accreditations, reserves plane and train tickets, rents cars and serves as a clearinghouse for messages to and from New York, many dealing with last-minute emergencies.

This spring and summer Lavinia has had, as the English would put it, a full plate. Wimbledon (in this week's issue) and the British Open (next week) are annual challenges for her, but she has also had to cope with the complexities of the World Cup, which was played in various German cities over a period of three weeks, as well as major articles on Roger Bannister (page 60), British egg collectors and an upcoming report on the African country of Zaïre. Nor are all her efforts reflected in the pages of the magazine: she made arrangements for a writer and photographer to cover Filbert Bay's recent invasion of Scandinavia on the chance Bays might set a new world record for the mile. He did not, and there was no story, but such apparently fruitless labors do not bother her.

"Zaïre was a much greater problem," she says. "We needed a visa for our photographer, but it required more than a routine phone call. Since the Zaïre embassy is open only two hours a day, twice a week, it took a bit of doing. We got the visa, but it was sticky." And visas are not always forthcoming, as when the Canadian hockey team went to play the Russians. "I was trying to get an artist, Paul Hogarth, into Russia," she says. "I spent three weeks going to the Soviet embassy, but he never got his visa."

Her most bizarre efforts for the magazine had to do with a story Senior Editor Bob Ottum wrote a few years back on the Empire State Building to Lon-



SCOTT ELLIOT, OUR LADY IN LONDON

don's General Post Office race. Lavinia hired a helicopter to meet Ottum and Photographer Jerry Cooke at Heathrow airport, a barge for the chopper to land on in the Thames and motorcycles to zip our contestants through London's twisting streets.

"We rushed them to the 'copter," she says, "and flew down the Thames. Then the pilot asked, 'Which barge do we land on?' I hadn't a clue. But we sighted one with what looked like a landing pad on it. And that was it."

Ottum did not win the race, but he was so pleased with Lavinia's help that he told everyone she was the daughter of a belted earl and had spent her childhood in a castle watching her father practice riding on a white charger.

"Oh, that's not true," says Lavinia. "My father retired from the British army as a major general. I did spend three years with him in Germany and Italy, and I speak German and Italian."

That's not quite so romantic as castles and white chargers, but when it comes to dealing with people in international sports it's a lot handier.

Sack Meyer



BELLE STARR



REP. C. OLD



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—Diary of a Texas cattle driver, 1886.  
Quoted in *The Cowboys*

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

## VOTE OF CONFIDENCE

Among the 63—or is it 257?—non-negotiable demands of the striking National Football League players (page 57) are many so-called freedom issues relating to how the players conduct their own lives. These have been singled out for particular ridicule, but should they be?

Admittedly, the players supporting the strike are flying in the face of one of the most cherished prerogatives in the game: the right of coaches to determine what they will do, and in some cases wear, almost every hour of the day through the entire exhibition and regular season. Such total control, conceivably, is necessary to achieve a winning record in junior and senior high school, perhaps even in college. But in professional sport? We wonder. If a man does not know how to take care of himself properly by the time he turns pro, he soon will be gone, and no loss. There are others to take his place, and his paycheck. The players score some points here.

## CORRECTION

Each time a Houston Astro hits a homer in the Dome when the minute hand on the scoreboard clock shows an even number—i.e., 9:12—it's beer on the house for the rest of the game. The giveaways are known as formers.

Catchy word, that, and worth more exposure, so July 12 was announced by the Astro publicity office as Foamer Night. Then came the retraction: July 12 was already scheduled—was Baptist Night. Hold the foam.

## AB-SOLUTELY GOOD NEWS

As dear as a ripe avocado to the heart of a Southern Californian is a bland sea creature growing inside an iridescent shell that attaches itself for dear life to rocks beneath the waters of certain coves along the Pacific Coast. Breaking the suction that holds an ab—as the creature is affectionately known—to its rock requires strong arms and lungs and, traditionally, a tire iron. And rendering the

abalone meat edible is equally testing, requiring a merciless pounding with a wooden mallet, but all worth the work according to the ab's devotees.

You can imagine, then, the consternation when the abalone abandoned Abalone Cove on Los Angeles' Palos Verdes Peninsula in the mid-60s, because pollution and warming waters destroyed the kelp beds on which they subsisted. Now the California Division of Fish and Game is attempting to recreate an environment at Abalone Cove. It has transplanted kelp from giant beds off Catalina Island, installed hollow concrete building blocks to protect young abs from such predators as sheephead fish, cleared the area of sea urchins, another adversary, and, finally, seeded the cove with 2,000 juvenile abalone, 1,000 of them a year and a half old and the size of a silver dollar, 1,000 nine months old and no bigger than a thumbnail.

It will be several years before these abs reach the legal seven inches. But if all goes well, Abalone Cove and others like it may once again exist as one veteran diver remembers them: "Wall-to-wall kelp and abalone everywhere."

## FALSE PREGNANCY TALES

The detritus of Victorian thinking on the subject of pregnancy and physical activity is with us yet, despite evidence such as Mary Bacon reportedly riding three races at Finger Lakes only hours before giving birth and Mary Ann Beattie of the WTT's Detroit Loves playing tennis up to the last week of her pregnancy. Moreover, according to Marcia Hayes and Thomas Boslooper, co-authors of *The Feminine Gonn*, 10 of the 26 Soviet women champions at the Melbourne Olympics were *enclinte* at the time. Now four doctors have debunked a few more old gynecological tales at a symposium held under the auspices of *The Physician and Sportsmedicine Magazine*. They report that there is no evidence that female athletes have difficulty conceiving; that many perform better after having borne

children; that there are fewer complications in delivery; and that the first stage of labor is shorter.

Assuming there have been no complications, says Dr. Clayton L. Thomas, "If an athlete wants to be ready for a big event six weeks after delivery and she feels she can start training in two weeks, her physician should not object."

His words only confirm what some athlete/mothers had already determined for themselves—golfers Susie Berning and Anne Quast Sander, speed skater Ate Keulen-Deelstra, tennis ace Margaret Court and track and field stars Mary Rand Toomey, Wyoming Tyus and Olga Connolly, just for starters.

## DOUBLE BOOK

Had Alan Hall and Gary Moore known two weekends ago what they know today, they probably would have forgone their friendly game of chess, but at the



time it seemed a good idea. Fact is, it still does, although a whole lot of this sort of thing might tend to gum up the waterworks.

Generally the gentlemen in question go up to the Lake Superior area in Wisconsin on weekends to play their chess, but they shifted plans and stayed at their Schiller Park apartments in suburban Chicago and essayed an opening gambit—at the bottom of their building's swimming pool. That's right. Both are experienced scuba divers, and how bet-

continued

ter to spend a summer afternoon than over a cool, nonfloating chessboard 10 feet under?

Management had an idea of how better. Claiming Hall and Moore, who refused to surface, were in violation of pool rules, it sent for the police. Patrolman William Buhl arrived prepared to make the historic, underwater pinch. Providently, he had his own scuba gear. Down went Buhl, out came the badge and up bubbled the three. Hall and Moore charged with criminal trespass on property where they lived. They were released on \$1,000 bonds and are scheduled to appear in court at the end of the month.

It is not recorded whether Patrolman Buhl apprised the two of their rights at the point of arrest. It is recorded what Hall thinks. "It will be laughed out of court," he said.

#### A TIME FOR TIMES

Last winter Tony Waldrop began tossing off sub-four-minute miles as casually as Fred Astaire once tripped up and down the staircase and over the dining room table. Along the way the senior from the University of North Carolina ran the fastest mile ever recorded indoors and the cognoscenti, split-catching watches firmly in hand, were impatient for spring, when Waldrop would move to the faster outdoor tracks and, presumably, even faster miles. Then—pfit, Waldrop was not getting under four minutes. He was not even winning races. A puzzle.

Waldrop complained of being tired, but miler Marty Liquori thought it was more than that. Waldrop, he guessed, was overrun and under-trained. A runner, Liquori told *Mail* Florence of the *Los Angeles Times*, can sustain a peak for only about six weeks, and Waldrop was under four minutes on nine consecutive weekends. "It is not possible to do that and train at the same time," according to Liquori. "If you don't put the training in during the winter months there's no way you can be ready in July or August."

So why was Liquori so successful indoors and out during his days at Villanova? Pure fortune indoors, said Liquori, because his coach, Junho Elliott, never really let him get in shape during the winter. "He was experienced enough to hold me back, realizing that big things were ahead outdoors. But now it's harder and harder for young guys to hold back during the indoor season because it's so

exciting. When you go outdoors, there seems to be less excitement and fewer meets."

When Waldrop does come back, he and the rest of the world's best milers will have a time catching up with Filbert Bayi, the Tanzanian youngster who may break the world record for the distance later this year. He came within three seconds of it last week at Stockholm's International Stadium in a very quick race that was unnoticed in the hurly-burly of Wimbledon and the World Cup. The graceful 21-year-old, not a tactical runner, went off in front and stayed there, winning in 3:54.1 by about the same margin he held at the end of the first lap—seven yards.

While the race was a showcase for Bayi, who is only beginning his season, it pointed up a fact of miling these days: the field is crowded with men pressuring Jim Ryun's 3:51.1 mark. With six of the eight Stockholm entrants running under 3:58, it would have been the Race of the Century only 20 years ago (page 60). It is not inconceivable that 10 years from now Bayi will finish in 3:45—and not end in the first three.

#### SHOW OFF

A suit filed by the Robert Kruises of Howell Township, N.J., seeks damages for the days their horse was not gainfully employed. They had sent the mare off to a farm to be trained for the show ring, but she returned home an expectant mother, and that shouldn't have been. Her name is Am's Misbehaving.

#### SINKING FEELING

At the very time America's Cup contender *Martinez* sits forlornly out of water, having her blocky aft streamlined, Britain's Amateur Rowing Association is considering a design that would take the streamline out of the racing shell, giving it the appearance of a long low box. With *Martinez* it is a case of finding more speed in her hull, and damn the expense. The English want to save money.

The problem with the lovely old shell that painter Thomas Eakins and others found so esthetically satisfying is that it has become too expensive to build—upward of \$5,000—and few rowing clubs can afford one.

The ARA turned to 87-year-old Sir Barnes Wallis for a solution. England's foremost inventor during World War II and currently working on plans for an

aircraft that will fly at 5,000 mph, he responded with the square-faced ugly duckling that assuredly will depress the old boys gathered at Henley this past week who already have seen too much change for the drearier in their lifetimes. Marginally slower through the water than the conventional U-shaped boat—frictional resistance, or drag, is increased 37%—Wallis' version would save so much weight, the inventor says, that it would be faster. This seemed doubly certain when a fellow scientist modified the Wallis concept to reduce drag to a mere 1½% increase—at a saving of 27 pounds. The shell uses materials that are plentiful and cheap and it can be mass-produced.

Nobody has tested a model yet. When they do we hope the thing sinks. It may be a lost cause, but we're with the old boys.

#### SINKING FEELING II

Dr. Jack H. Wilmore of the University of California at Davis offers the following for our summertime mulling: in the 1924 Olympics the winning time for the men's 400-meter freestyle was 16", faster than that of the women's 400. By 1948 the difference was down to 11.6", by 1972 7.3". Should women continue to close the gap at the same rate, they will be outswimming men at 400 meters by 2012.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Teddy Martinez, New York Met shortstop, after making five errors in five games: "I can't play perfect every day."
- Lee Trevino, after struggling to a 74 in the first round of the Western Open: "One good thing. My wife tells me she doesn't care what I do when I am away, as long as I'm not enjoying it."
- Gaylord Perry, Cleveland Indian pitcher, asked whether he had thrown any illegal pitches this season: "Not in a game, but I did throw a few in the bullpen. I don't want to be caught short if they legalize the spitter."
- Jimmy Connors, winner at Wimbledon, asked earlier how he felt after going five sets before beating Australian Phil Dent: "Overseeded."
- Ralph Houk, Detroit Tiger manager, considered without peer at kicking dirt on umpires, giving his opinion on the dirt-kicking performance of Baltimore Oriole Manager Earl Weaver: "Earl has to learn a better follow-through. He's got to get the dirt higher."

END

# THE MITCHUM METHOD FOR CONTROLLING PROBLEM PERSPIRATION.

## What is it?

It's a method of *night-time* application: you apply Mitchum Anti-Perspirant at *night*—before you go to bed. Instead of in the morning. It's the way to say good night to problem perspiration *effectively*. And, as you'll soon see, there's no madness to this method.

## What makes The Mitchum Method so effective?

Several things. **First:** since you apply this unique anti-perspirant at *night*—before you go to bed—Mitchum's two anti-perspirants have a whole night's time to work their benefits into your skin. (When you apply an anti-perspirant in the morning, that first rush of perspiration may wash away your protection before it has sufficient time to work.) After a night with Mitchum's anti-perspirants, you'll wake up to all-day protection from problem perspiration. Makes sense, doesn't it?

**Second:** Mitchum's anti-perspirants do not seal or plug your underarm pores. What they do is gently re-direct problem-causing underarm sweat. It leaves through other, less bothersome areas of your body. (Of course, you perspire from many areas of your body. But you're particularly aware of the perspiration problem when those sweat glands under your arms start gushing.) Mitchum's anti-perspirants help eliminate that moist, uncomfortable sensation.

**Third:** your morning shower will not wash away your Mitchum protection. You can wash, towel yourself dry, and feel dry all day. Without the need for anti-perspirant refreshment.



## How can Mitchum be so effective and so gentle, too?

Here's how: even though Mitchum Anti-Perspirant contains high percentages of the two best anti-perspirant ingredients, aluminum chloride and aluminum chlorohydrate, its formula has been specially *gentled* by a process called *buffering*. To avoid stinging or irritating normal skin. Mitchum works comfortably.

## Does Mitchum help stop odor as well as wetness?

Yes. You see, odor is caused by sweat coming in contact with bacteria on the skin. (Sweat, itself, is odorless.) Therefore, if there's less sweat, there's less chance of odor. Here's what we suggest: use Mitchum four nights in a row at first. Then, even if you occasionally skip a night, you'll feel protected the next day. (Of course, you may use Mitchum any time you prefer.)

## 3 effective Mitchum forms. Which do you prefer?

**Spray.** For aerosol convenience, press nozzle to release a gentle spray of protection every time. Scented or unscented.

**Dab-On.** For on-the-spot coverage. A unique, built-in, silken applicator applies easily and uniformly. Scented or unscented.

**Cream.** For the complete coverage that only hand-application of a cream can give. Won't leave its mark on your clothes the next day.



**The Mitchum Method. Plan tonight to sweat less tomorrow.**

# FOR LOVE AND MONEY

*Jimmy and Chris—soon to be Mr. and Mrs. Connors—won on Centre Court and led off the Wimbledon Ball to the tune of a jingling cash register* **by JOE JARES**

The meticulous guardians of tradition and decorum at the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, led by Air Chief Marshal Sir Brian K. Burnett, G.C.B., D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F. (Ret.), face their stiffest test every summer during "The Wimbledon Fortnight," but they are steadfast. On the Saturday before play starts, the coddled grass on Centre Court is broken in by four senior ladies who play a set and a half of genteel doubles—no more, no less. Then come two weeks of the most prestigious tournament in the world, when the London suburb of Wimbledon is invaded by taxis, ticket scalpers and all those annoyingly good players from the colonies.

Wimbledon '74 was particularly difficult to manage. Strikes periodically blacked out the daily BBC telecasts. Because of rain, play on six of the 10 days began at noon instead of 2 p.m., the sacred starting time for 87 years. Sweden's teen-age star, Bjorn Borg, needed an escort of three bobbies to get through swarms of schoolgirl admirers ("They must realize Wimbledon isn't a pop concert," huffed an offended club official). Hammy Ilie Nastase tried to receive service while holding an umbrella and was

chastised by the umpire. America's Erik van Dillen was upbraided for daring to break the all-white dress rule by wearing red sweat pants on a chilly day.

Somehow, despite raindrops and teeny-boppers, the tournament finished on schedule, with an ending that was mushy, but not from the weather. For the first time in memory the traditional opening dance at Saturday night's Wimbledon Ball was reserved for two singles champions who were sweethearts as well—Chris Evert, 19, and her mop-topped fiancé, Jimmy Connors, 21.

On Friday Chris, wearing her engagement ring, earrings, a necklace and polished fingernails, demolished her doubles partner, Olga Morozova of the Soviet Union, 6-0, 6-4. It was Evert's 36th victory in a row and seventh straight tournament championship. The next afternoon Connors met a man who played his first Wimbledon before either Jimmy or Chris was born, Ken Rosewall, 39, who had been in three finals and never danced the first dance. Connors showed no respect for his elder, just superb ground strokes and volleys, and won easily 6-1, 6-1, 6-4. Together, the future Mr. and Mrs. Connors added \$40,800 and two

Triumph automobiles worth \$6,000 apiece to their treasure chest.

The two singles finals were distinctly lacking in excitement, but that is not unusual at Wimbledon. The dramatic comebacks, the pranks, the marvelous international flavor usually come earlier, sometimes on a court out by the car park. There was Rolf Thung, half-Dutch, half-Chinese, who reached the third round by beating the young American Alex Mayer. There was a teeny 17-year-old South African, Linky Boshoff, who upset fourth-seeded Rosie Casals in the fourth round. And there was a continuation of the BBC's longest-running soap opera, *Our Gal Ginnie*.

Virginia Wade has played every Wimbledon for the last 13 years and each year the tennis-mad British public fastens on her as its great hope. The crowd groans when she so much as misses a first serve and finally the nervousness on her behalf transmits itself to her and she blows a match she should win. Despite having the most powerful serve in women's tennis

*continued*

*Two-listed Connors showed no respect for his elder, slugging Ken Rosewall, 39, in the final*





and the gliding moves of a pantheress, she never makes the semifinals and the headlines say something like "Ginny Fizzles Out Again." There is a play in London in which the female lead, making self-conscious small talk, says, "I hear Virginia is doing very well at Wimbledon this year."

Prophetic. This year Our Ginny finally made the semis. Defending champion Billie Jean King was in her half of the draw, but Morozova caught King on a bad day, volleyed beautifully and won in straight sets. Casuals was in that half too, and was removed from Ginny's path. A perfect chance for Wade to set Britain on its ear by getting into the final—Portia facing life and conquering.

Wade won the first set 6-1 over Morozova. Olga took the second, but then Wade got a 4-2 lead in the third and could hear the champagne corks popping. From that point Morozova won four straight games and the match. Instead of champagne, it was the patented slice Ginny fizz. And a Russian was in the women's final for the first time, which perhaps made up a bit for an act of vandalism earlier in the week in which

the bust of Karl Marx was knocked off his tomb in a London graveyard.

In the bottom half of the draw Evert came within one of her mascaraed eyelashes of losing in the first round to Australian Lesley Hunt. They were tied 9-9 in the third set when darkness forced a postponement. In the morning Chris went out with Connors to practice against his tough serve. It paid off, or something did. She broke Hunt's service when their match resumed, held her own serve and won 8-6, 5-7, 11-9.

Third-seeded Evonne Goolagong had been knocked out in the quarters, so Evert breezed to the final, once in a while even coming to the net, which she used to treat as if it were crawling with spiders. It was disappointing that neither King nor Goolagong was on Centre Court to meet her. Evert is considered a clay court specialist and has never beaten King or Goolagong on grass, a fast surface that is conducive to their serve-and-rush-the-net styles. Instead, Evert's friend Morozova was there, but only for 59 minutes. Evert walked out on the court, heard the distinctive whistle that Connors always gives to let her know

where he is sitting, and neatly put the Russian away. Morozova gave her a congratulatory kiss on the cheek. "I never expected to win Wimbledon this year," Evert said later. "I was thinking maybe in two or three years, when Billie Jean and Margaret Court retire. I'd still have to say Billie Jean's above me."

(At 19, Evert is not the youngest woman winner. Maureen Connolly won three times before she was 20. But Chris is the first woman to take Rome, Paris and Wimbledon in two decades—Connolly did it in 1954.)

The men's draw shaped up as one of the most interesting in years because there were, in a sense, three defending champions on the grounds. John Newcombe won in 1971 but was banned the following year because he was playing with the "outlaw" World Championship Tennis troupe. Stan Smith won in his absence, but neither Newcombe nor Smith played last year because of a players' union boycott and Jan Kodes of Czechoslovakia won. This year Kodes was seeded only sixth and was miffed. But then Kodes always seems to be miffed about something. He shoved a referee in Rome and got himself disqualified, and in Paris he demanded that his victorious French opponent be given a drug test.

Down there ninth in the seedings was old man Rosewall, who was just a lad of 17 when he and Lew Hoad did impressively well in the doubles at Wimbledon in 1952. Rosewall and Pancho Gonzales are the only two Hall of Fame-quality players who have never won Wimbledon. Rosewall lost to Jaroslav Drobny in 1954, to Hoad in 1956 and to Newcombe in 1971. Could he finally win a Centre Court final at his advanced age? London bookies were giving 15-to-1 odds against him. "There's no way he can beat Ashe, Newcombe and Smith in a row," said Hoad after looking at the draw.

Newcombe, who beat Bjorn Borg in the WCT finals earlier in the year, was seeded on top and proceeded to justify it by marching through his first four opponents in straight sets. "If I'm still in on the second Monday," predicted Newcombe, "I can win the title again."

He was still in on Monday, but he did not last through the day because he was stopped by Rosewall, 5'7", 142 pounds and nicknamed "Muscles." Rosewall had a difficult draw. It took him four sets to beat the young Indian Vijay Amritraj. Then in the fourth round he met Roscoe

Evert put away her doubles partner, Olga Morozova, in straight sets to capture her title.



Tanner who had upset Arthur Ashe. Against the young, strong-serving Tanner on Centre Court, Rosewall won the second set from 2-4 down and the fourth from 2-5 down. In the twilight at match's end he was returning Tanner's cannonballs as if they were marshmallows shot from a popgun. "If I play against Newcombe as well as I did at the end against Tanner, I have a chance," said Rosewall.

He did indeed. He beat Newcombe by the surprising score of 6-1, 1-6, 6-0, 7-5. Newcombe could not remember the last time he had lost a love set.

"I think he can win it and I hope he does because he's running out of time," said Newcombe. "If there's someone I'd like to see win it, he'd be the one."

Muscles was now in the semis vs. fourth-seeded Stan Smith, nine inches taller and with a serve several megatons more explosive. Here, surely, the nostalgia trip would end, although 99% of the fans in the stadium had their fingers crossed for Rosewall. "I'd be rooting for him, too," said Smith, "if I weren't playing him."

Smith won the first two sets and got a 5-4 lead in the third, serving for the match. Well, gallant try, Muscles, see you in the veterans' doubles in a few years. But Rosewall was thinking differently, not being as closely attuned to the groans of the Centre Court crowd as Ginny. He easily broke Smith's serve, forcing the set to 8-8 and into a tie breaker, held off one match point and won 9-8. Suddenly Smith lost his confidence: Rosewall's cross-court backhands and streaking service returns were practically untouchable. He won the last two sets 6-1, 6-3.

Connors' draw was easier but still no carefree stroll across Wimbledon common. He fought his way through two four-setters and two five-setters before he reached the semis and knocked out Dick Stockton in four more sets. Stockton had beaten Nastase, the No. 2 seed, but Connors himself had to remove defending champ Kodes.

While Rosewall was surely the most popular man inside the All England walls, Connors was easily the most unpopular. Most of the other players dislike him because he is sometimes a smart aleck. He has declined to join the players' union (the Association of Tennis Professionals); he has declined to play Davis Cup for the current coach, Dennis Ralston; and he has declined to play the WCT circuit, preferring to compete in the

tournaments run by his manager, Bill Riordan. During his tough five-set match against Aussie Phil Dent in Round Two, virtually everyone watching on TV in the players' tearoom was fervently cheering for Dent.

Connors did have a devoted coterie of rooters—Chris and her mother, the Riordans, his old tutor Pincho Segura, his mother Gloria and his pal Nastase. Riordan was shouting encouragement to Connors between points of the Kodes match on Court One when suddenly Kodes stopped and snarled at him, "Why don't you shut up?" And a reporter for *The Times* wrote very indignantly about a Connors "clique, led by his manager and other large, red-faced Americans, the men among them wearing big cigars in their mouths."

Mama Gloria had to be shushed by the decorum guardians at Centre Court the first time Connors played there in 1972. Last week she sat quietly during his matches and fingered rosary beads. "Jimbo made me promise to keep my mouth shut, and I did," she said after the Kodes match. "But what an effort!"

It did not boost Connors' popularity when, early in Wimbledon's second week, news came from the U.S. that his lawyers had filed a suit against two officials of the players' union and Commercial Union (sponsors of the International Grand Prix circuit) for, among other things, allegedly conspiring to keep him out of the French Open, which was the French Closed this year for anybody playing team tennis in the U.S. The union voted to raise a defense fund for the two officials, considering that the suit was against them all.

Union president Arthur Ashe, twice a Wimbledon semifinalist himself, said: "The pressure facing any young player at such a critical moment of his career is intense enough without the added burden of knowing that, when he walks out on court, he will be suing his opponent—in this case Dick Stockton."

If he felt any pressure, intense or otherwise, Connors did not show it. He lost the first set to Stockton but fought back to take the match 4-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-4, bushing forehand and two-fisted backhand winners with the same accuracy as his fiancée and twice the velocity.

"Playing Connors is like fighting Joe Frazier," Stockton said afterward. "The guy's always coming at you. He never lets up."

Old pro Segura, who used to tour with Rosewall and who has worked on Connors' game since the kid was 15, gave his pupil some tips on how to play the final—mostly technical things about returning service. They must have been dandy tips, or Rosewall must have been badly worn down, because during one stretch in the short match Connors broke Rosewall's service eight out of nine times, winning the first and second sets handily and moving out to a 4-2 lead in the third.

Almost before the Duke of Kent could get settled in his seat in the Royal Box, Connors was at the same place Stan Smith had been the day before—two sets up on Rosewall, leading 5-4 in the third and serving for the champagne. Rosewall saved two match points with beautiful backhands, then succumbed. Connors threw his racket high in the air and leaped over the net to shake hands.

Standing by the umpire's stand waiting for the trophy presentation, Connors thought to himself that he had been dreaming about this moment since he was six years old and "that it might be the only time in my life I win Wimbledon," and he started crying. He was more tearful than Chris had been the day before.

Those who dislike him so intensely probably felt a little tearful, too, though for different reasons. But they had better grit their teeth and get used to the idea of Mr. and Mrs. Connors strolling up for the first dance at the Wimbledon Ball.

END

*Gilge looked—and saw nothing but trouble.*



# BANG-BANG DRAMA AT DAYTONA

*David Pearson used a dicey bit of trickery to shake Richard Petty off his tail and capture the Firecracker 400 in a slingshooter's finish*

by BARRY McDERMOTT



Daytona is speed, the way Las Vegas is dice, Hollywood is starlets and Washington is Watergate. Casually mention Daytona around the neighborhood lube rack and five guys jerk their knees and start acting as if they have STP decals on their foreheads, revving mock engines, peeling rubber, shifting gears and circling the hydraulic lift.

The guttural sound of Daytona was back again last week, a harsh but simple melody calling for another celebration of life on the Southern reaches of Main Street, U.S.A., a mechanistic rock festival attended by a horde of belles with bare bellies wafting along on the numbing fumes of gasoline and charcoal-broiled beef and energized by six-packs.



*Low end aside, Pearson has just slipped by Petty to the stretch. Disgruntled at Pearson's tactics, Petty pondered giving him a bump*

It was the Firecracker 400, and unless you came with a message on your T shirt, you weren't dressed.

David Pearson, who was dressed in a red, white and blue coverall, was an appropriate winner of the Fourth of July classic, even going so far as to make certain the finish itself was a bang, not a whimper. In a shocking move inspired by malice or strategy, depending on the viewpoint, Pearson deliberately allowed Richard Petty to take the lead on the final lap, then coolly caught up and roared past him to the finish line while the fans stood and howled a benediction of delight. That is how folk heroes like Pearson and Petty keep on being folk heroes.

The victory was Pearson's third in a row in the Firecracker 400, while Petty finished second for the fourth consecutive year. Petty is a five-time Daytona 500 champion but he never has managed to win the 400.

The Daytona crowd was—as ever—early '50s, grooving on reminiscent rock, somehow seeming timely and in keeping on a Fourth of July. If the hair is a mile longer, it only proves the wet head is not dead. The crew-cut view is what you feel there among the campers and motor homes that blanket the infield on race day. Mendel Rivers and Melvin Laird were past Firecracker 400 grand marshals. This year California Congressman Barry Goldwater Jr. served in that capacity. Among the bedrock fans was a leavening of young, driving motorcycles or an occasional dune buggy. The rules of dress were simple. Formal: impregnated T shirt and a Budweiser hat. Informal: no shirt. The ladies wore a lot of bare backs and beehives, and their sweet perfume soothed exhaust-shocked nostrils.

But ultimately Daytona comes down to speed. And the Firecracker 400 was expected to resolve several issues. Such as: Would Indy drivers like A. J. Foyt and this year's 500 winner, Johnny Rutherford, treat Daytona as merely driving with a different set of decals? Could Cale Yarborough, a county commissioner from Florence County, S.C., edge back into the lead over Richard Petty in the fluctuating Grand National point standings? Would Roger Penske finally provide the answer to what's a Matador? And could David Pearson fall asleep while driving and still win?

The switch that Foyt and Rutherford were being asked to make might seem trifling for drivers of their skills, but few

USAC drivers are capable of it. Foyt is one who is, and the cagey Texan in the DiGard Chevrolet was rated highly. Rutherford, in a less competitive car, qualified in the last row. As it developed, they both could have stayed home, being done in by mechanical troubles that put them out with the race barely a quarter over.

Yarborough and Petty have been like dueling banjos this year, first one taking the lead in the Grand National point standings, then the other. Cale won six races and the first half of the season, then King Richard slipped ahead again. Yarborough's spirits were raised, however, by a new sponsor, the Carling Brewing Company, which has committed almost \$500,000—and just as important, a limitless supply of free beer for his pit crew—to the Yarborough-Junior Johnson race team.

Though his car was not as quick as some others, most notably Pearson's, Yarborough was running the more durable big block engine and counted on being around at the finish. He finished, all right, in an absolute dead heat for third with Buddy Baker, the first time anyone could remember such a thing happening in NASCAR Grand Prix racing.

Pearson is running only a limited schedule this season but he had won three of nine previous races. The swarthy, relaxed driver sometimes resembles a big bear just roused from hibernation. (Said Petty: "Pearson's crew has to wake him up to get him to go race.") The other drivers regard Pearson as a big, bad bear for sure. His Wood Brothers-tuned Mercury had been on the pole seven times before Daytona and his peers were miffed that Pearson had more throttle than they.

The big attraction early in Firecracker week was the Penske-Coca-Cola Matador. Penske made his mark in sports car racing and later at Indy. At Daytona he looked more like a golf pro than a stocker. He has been racing the Matador for three years, with only one victory, but this season his car had a redesigned "clean" shape and, for the 400, a new driver in Bobby Allison. "The car really fooled me," said Allison after practice. "It drives smooth. Last year they kind of had a shoe box out there."

On Tuesday, the first day of qualifying, the Matador grabbed the pole with a lap that was a smidgen over 180 miles an hour. Rain sprinkled the track before

Pearson could challenge the time. But Pearson was ready on Wednesday morning and he took away the pole with a run that was .004 mph faster than Allison's, a margin that was computed as equaling about three inches. This just served to deepen the other drivers' suspicions. "Anytime you win, people going to be complaining," answered Pearson. "If I got them psyched that bad, that's 50"; of winning right there."

When they went for keeps, it was a five-car race most of the way. Bobby Allison blipped the Matador's critics who had taken snidely to calling his car a Nash. He led for much of the race, but with 25 miles remaining a valve gave out and he had to drop back to ensure finishing. Buddy Baker and Cale Yarborough also fell behind, leaving the finish to the theatrics of Pearson and Petty. The two of them began the last lap nose to tail, Petty in his Dodge drafting along behind Pearson's Mercury, saving whatever he had left for the slingshot try everyone knew would come in the final turn. Then, abruptly, Pearson took his foot off the gas and slowed so sharply that Petty, to avoid a catastrophic rear-ender, had to pass him. King Richard had been tricked into the lead. Now Pearson unfolded the other half of his Fourth of July display, putting his foot down hard and eating up the distance between him and Petty as if he had Roman candles in his tailpipes. In the last turn he dived inside, catching Petty, who made a challenging swerve that threatened to put Pearson onto the infield before letting the faster car go by. Afterward, Petty saw it all as reckless showoff driving. "I didn't want to give him no running room," Petty snorted. "But he was so much faster than me I had to, or both of us would have wrecked. Looked to me like he wanted to make it a big spectacular at the end. He usually drives much safer and sinner races."

It was strategy, retorted Pearson, claiming he was afraid Petty would draft behind him and slingshot past at the finish. Chortled his pit crew boss Glen Wood: "I've never seen anyone tricked as slick as when he tricked Richard."

Afterward the fans streamed out with smiles on their faces and vicarious victory in their souls. One man stopped to ponder a question as to the stock car driver's appeal. He considered the inquiry impudent. "Simple, boy," he sneered. "They gn grease 'tween their fingernails jst like simple folk."

END

# ... AND A GUTBUSTER TO GOTHAM

*Undaunted by a cruel sea and capricious gremlins, Bob Magoon jounced from Miami to New York in a record-shattering 23 hours*

by COLES PHINIZY

Real genius, it has been said, is the ability to handle major problems while juggling minor details. On that basis Dr. Robert Magoon of Miami Beach is a double genius. For the past six years Doc Magoon has successfully lived two complicated lives: as a surgeon working meticulously inside the small, finite world of the human eye and as an offshore powerboat racer brawling over the pounding manna.

After winning national outboard honors in 1968 and 1970, Magoon switched to inboards three years ago, taking 15 of 30 races and three consecutive championships. Having done about everything there is to do on the race circuit, Magoon retired last fall, deciding that, as a final curtain call to his career, he would try to break the powerboat record from Miami to New York.

Magoon has such a solid reputation as a medicine man with a bagful of boating magic that when he loaded 2½ tons of gas on his 40-foot Cigarette hull in Miami last week and took off for New York under a sick, gray sky, few people expected him to fail. And when he passed under New York's Verrazano bridge 22 hours, 41 minutes and 15 seconds later, knocking eight hours and 46 minutes off the record for the 1,257-mile run, no one was greatly surprised. Indeed, the only negative note expressed concerning the grand adventure came from an Irving Keppleman, one of the 121 cheering spectators who greeted Magoon at his East River dockage. "He must be some kind of a dumb shlemiel," Keppleman opined, "to be in such a hurry to New York in the middle of the stinking summer."

As unattractive as it may have seemed to Keppleman, the idea of racing in a boat from Miami to New York has appealed to a number of salty men who like to stretch their luck. The most notable of the gamblers intrigued by the long run was the late Gar Wood, who died in bed three years ago at the age of 90 after surviving half a dozen nasty boating disasters, one plane crash, a direct hit by lightning and two legal fights with winsome secretaries who claimed he promised them more than gainful employment. According to the legend most often published, back in 1921, in a 50-foot hull, Gar Wood raced the *Huani* *Speed*, a "crack express" train, and beat it to New York by a whisker, clocking 47 hours, 15 minutes. It is a remarkable record but one that, when examined, turns out to be about as substantial as a bowl of Jell-O. For one thing, nobody connected with the *Huani* *Speed* was aware a race was on. For another, although the *Speed* made a number of whistle stops and barely qualified as an express, it usually made the run in about four hours fewer than Wood took and traveled about 200 miles farther, to boot. As if this were not enough to sour the legend, Wood counted only the hours that he was running. When the hours he spent in ports on the way—sleeping, making repairs and waiting for good weather—are added in, Wood's total time comes to five days, nine hours and 28 minutes. Sailboats could do better.

An honest record for the Miami-New York run was set in 1963 by Charles Johnson, president of Daytona Marine, who made it in 46 hours, 23 minutes. A year later Johnson made the trip at an average speed of 40 mph, cutting 14 hours and 56 minutes off his own mark. And now, with an average speed of 55.4, Magoon has really hung it up where it is hard to reach.

Although Magoon makes it look easy, offshore racing is, and probably ever shall be, a gut-busting and freakish game in which gremlins abound and even the best laid plans of a meticulous medicine man can fast go to pot. To appreciate the painstaking effort Magoon takes to keep gremlins at bay, one almost has to start way back when the Lord gave the

scantlings for the Ark to Noah (Genesis 6:14-16) and review the entire history of marine technology. For the Miami-New York run every secondary system on Magoon's 4½-ton craft was backed up so a quick change could be made. At his refueling point, Morehead City, N.C., Magoon sacrificed 45 minutes to haul the boat and replace the stern drives of his two 300-horsepower MerCruiser engines, since the drives were the weakest link in the chain. His two 5400 Danforth compasses were filled with special heavy oil so they would not skitter wildly on each jump off the top of a wave. He deliberately waited for good weather around the full of the moon and left Miami in early evening so that he would be traveling at night well offshore, saving daylight for the busier debris-filled waters near New York.

Magoon's mechanic, Gene Lanham, has ridden more than 13,000 rough miles with him in the past six years, but the trip's navigator, Bob Connell, was a question mark. Connell is a veteran of two America's Cup defenses and miles of blue-water racing and is as solidly built as a brick lighthouse, but he had never bounced for even 100 consecutive miles in a 70-mile-an-hour stinkpot. A man who thrives on one kind of masochism is not always suitable for another. Heavyweight champ Rocky Marciano, who was knocked down only twice in 49 fights, is a case in point. After hanging up his gloves, Marciano went on a boat in the Bahamas 500, the toughest race of the offshore circuit. In the first 200 miles the cruel seas decked Marciano 20 times. At Nassau, the refueling point, Marciano announced, "I am getting off here, and there are not enough natives on this island to stop me." Safely ashore, he confided to friends, "I have just been in two boat races: my first and my last."

Despite Magoon's great pains, a few gremlins got in theiricks. In the first hour he spent four dead minutes when the tube connected to a five-gallon jug of Gatorade fouled the ignition switch. Shortly thereafter the radio linking him to a plane that would convey him went out. A nasty, wet and gray stationery front that was supposed to move out and give Magoon clear weather all the way changed its mind and hung off the Georgia coast waiting for him. The fat moon, which he hoped would dimly light his way while he was 100 miles or more at sea, came up on schedule and straightway

hid in clouds. A second convoy plane that was supposed to pick up Magoon around midnight was guided unerringly by Miami radar to the rendezvous, but in the five blackest, rainiest hours of the night never spotted Magoon and Magoon never saw it. By the time the plane did find him at 5:05 a.m. Magoon had traveled 260 miles and was only a mile east of his prescribed track—an error of about one-quarter of a degree, which is not bad navigating when using only a compass and bouncing along at 50 mph.

When Magoon & Co. finally got clear of the wet front, a smoky southwester blew up seven-foot seas. Off Delaware Bay somebody accidentally hit the bat-



tery switch, blowing the distributor. The replacement ordinarily could be made in less than 30 minutes, but in the fatigue of the 20th hour it took twice as long.

In New York, when the press asked what the voyage had been like, veterans Magoon and Lanham said it was merely a drawn-out version of the torture they customarily enjoyed. Although he survived in grand style, Connell, the novice navigator, declared that his comrades were slightly daft. "For 20 hours," he said, "you do not sleep or eat or go to the bathroom. All you do is bang, bang, bang, up and down. You could make money at this game," Connell concluded, "if you were paid by the bounce." **END**

*An exhausted Magoon shows the strain of the long voyage—1,287 miles at 55 mph—after steering north with Crewman Lanham and Connell.*



## RIISING TO THE GRAND OLD OCCASION

*As baseball warmed to the Fourth, nowhere was the action more explosive than in a bout of a brawl between Boston and Baltimore* **by MARK KRAM**

In most seasons it is not until the period around the Fourth of July, the divide between the earnestness of spring and the finality of fall, that baseball weaves itself into our tapestry of life. Up to then the days seem long and damp, and if the game is not far away it is not immediate, urgently calling out for attention. One can leave it—glance casually at the box scores, go occasionally to a ball yard to keep in physical touch. Then at the time of the Fourth, people light a match to their interest, begin to discern, to plunge into the seeming infinity of the hunt. So for the tracker of baseball from a distance, it was time to take another sip of a cooling drink, warn the kids not to go too far into the water, and look around and decide, ah, yes—the American East.

For the people who still go to ball parks, the place to be last week, if you could make it, was either Baltimore or Boston, where two old waterfront rowdies brawled for high ground in a division that belongs to nobody. The matchup was there, all right: here was Boston, long the edgy, dark neurotic of baseball, clinging by whitening fingers to first place

while many waited patiently for its falling scream; here was Baltimore, the most dependable club of the last decade, its once solid facade now suddenly cracking into red-raw pieces from internal unrest and dwindling attendance figures, yet a team which, if allowed to stay on the pace, will kill you in September.

A five-game series is a montage, with elements as essential as the players: the towns, the fans, the ball parks. And when it is over the parts melt into the whole; nothing is too small not to belong. That, of course, is the trouble, for when you try to explore one facet, tableaus drift in and stay: the open mouth of Boston's third base coach, Don Zimmer, as he sore tries the patience of an umpire; the cold insouciance of Zimmer after an egregious blunder by Bernie Carbo; the Oriole second baseman, Bobby Grich, with a runner on first and the pitch on its way, frozen like a pointer; the glove of Pitcher Dave McNally in the air after his foot has dispatched it; a frieze of faces young

*The Orioles' Grich soars above hard-sliding Petroselli after getting off double-play throw.*







PHOTOGRAPH BY CO. RENTRESTER

and old flooding into the two parks. The Fourth and the big series bring something to the air near a major league stadium. It is something felt, as if people are out to reclaim baseball, or as if they are going to see if an old national monument is still there where it should always be. This was true even in Baltimore, where the gate is 60,000 off last year's, where the franchise may be in danger, where each season the pressure to make the playoffs so the club can maybe break even becomes more intense; it's a tough town with a dollar.

As it was, 31,000 turned out for the first two games against Boston. It was a respectable figure for Baltimore, a town where the Orioles' principal competitor is *Callinectes sapidus*, the blue crab, unmercifully masticated and gorged in leisure time in backyards and on shore fronts. Crabs are expensive, and in a working-class town you can't indulge that fancy and go to the park, too. An incident illustrates Baltimore's attendance situation. One night streaking made its debut at the park. The streaker finally was grounded by the police and his fate was in the hands of Frank Cashen, the Oriole general manager. "Give him \$50," Cashen told the police, "and tell him to come back tomorrow night."

The night is soggy as the Orioles lead with Doyle Alexander against Bill Lee. Alexander has never been the pitcher he thinks he is, nor is he as consistent as the Orioles had hoped he would be. Lee has not been going well, either. Even so, the Boston fans are fond of him, of his craziness. "Are you pleased to make the All-Star team?" someone asked him last year. "I don't like the Giants' announcer," he replied. Neither pitcher will be around at the end, but the Red Sox win 6-4. Boston needs every game now, for it came out of Cleveland in serious trouble: its pitching is in near-run and injuries have steadily followed the club, the most recent being the torn knee of its splendid catcher, Carlton Fisk.

The loss of Fisk has been jarring, but for the moment the Red Sox do not reel. Quite the opposite, they are on the attack, mainly on the efforts of Pitcher Ross Grimsley and Catcher Earl Williams. Williams can't throw and Grims-

*continued*

# Winston



## Winston

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key sometimes hits bats better than anybody else in the league; he has given up 19 home runs. Hits are sprayed all over and the clubs go into the ninth of the second game tied at 5-5. After several players and Don Zimmer are thrown out by the umpires, the Red Sox break it open in their half of the ninth, using two double steals and a ball lost in the lights by Left-fielder Don Baylor to make it two in a row. Adventurous and lively, these are the words for the front half of the series. And the Orioles are in trouble, now 4½ games behind the Red Sox.

"We went at it," says Oriole Manager Earl Weaver, "like it was for a pennant in September. We're exhausted and spent, but that's the way you got to play."

One thing becomes strikingly clear as the two clubs head for Boston. These are not the same Red Sox who had always been poison for managers as well as unfailingly self-destructive, not the same club that seemed to look upon a stolen base as a felony rather than a weapon, a team so bad at times that purists did not know whether to laugh or cringe. Their new manager, Durrell Johnson, is a silent, clever man. His favorite word is fundamentals. He does not panic. The atmosphere is easy, the clubhouse air free of the conspiracy and small hates that previously had cut the heart out of the team. Reggie Smith is gone to St. Louis (and hitting a happy .347). His partner in revolt, Carl Yastrzemski, appears docile now. And the brooding Rico Petrocelli, who has always suffered from severe ego problems, has found evangelism.

The Orioles present a different picture. The pressure from the anemic gate, the bitterness from contract arbitrations, have eaten at the spirit of the team. Earl Williams does not want to catch, does not like the town or the fans, and he has fought with Weaver. The players have become cynical, and more than once have cast a critical eye at the manager. Weaver's position has been weakened somewhat by his off-field behavior, which is abrasive. He is trying to soften his manners. But the old used-car salesman is still in command, and that is an edge for any club when the battle gets hot.

On the field Baltimore is not choiced out of cold steel as it once was. Its big pitcher, Jim Palmer, who won games and lured fans, is on the disabled list with a sore arm. Its defense has been porous, and that includes the smoothest glove of any age, Brooks Robinson. With the ex-

ception of Paul Blair in center, the outfield regulars cannot throw, and when they must it is all too often to the wrong place. Weak bats have grounded Al Bumbry and Rich Coggins, the two who enabled the Orioles to win their division title last season—goodbye speed. Dave McNally, his confidence torn, is no longer certain he can win. And Boog Powell's cannon emits the sounds of a cup gun.

That was the profile of the two clubs before the series, and that is the way it still looks as the Orioles move into Fenway Park for three games in two days. The heat travels up the coast and drops on Fenway like a wet sponge, but nearly 28,000 push and shove their way into this misshapen slattern of a stadium. McNally starts the first game of the double-header for the Orioles, opposed by Duck Drago. Right away the action flares. While he tries to contain the lead of Tommy Harper, who opened the game with a single, McNally commits a balk. Weaver argues. Three batters later McNally again balks. Weaver goes into a 10-minute rage, assisted by McNally.

McNally is thrown out of the game and Alexander is summoned. This time he stops the Red Sox. Baltimore's pitching tightens a little; Boston unravels completely. The Oriole bats obliterate Drago, and then go on to bust up Reggie Cleveland in the second game. The offense is fearsome: Bumbry and Coggins hit and are in high gear, Powell's bat is more than a menacing shadow, every ball hit finds a hole. And the defense shores up. Boston drops two games, 9-2, 6-4. The fans move out of the park quietly.

The next afternoon—the Fourth of July itself—is brutally hot. Nothing stirs in downtown Boston, dreamlike catastrophes move up and down the Charles River, the Common is crowded with dogs sleeping in the shade of trees, old men fanning themselves with their hats: life almost at full stop. But out at Fenway the organ bounces along patriotically and 13,622 fans are beside themselves with optimism. And why not? They have Luis Tiant, who has been artfully brilliant, going against someone named Jesse Jefferson, who had not started for the Orioles all year. Tiant loves the heat and he surely will halt the reviving Orioles. His record against them for the Red Sox is 10-1. But Luis does not have his touch. That lack, combined with intense Baltimore firepower that never seems to end, gives the Orioles a 10-6 victory and drops

Boston to just half a game ahead of suddenly dangerous Cleveland.

After it is over, this is evident, the series has been one of the more sadistic prosecutions of pitching seen in a while. The two teams collected 119 hits (including 11 home runs; an abacus is needed to record the other extra-base hits) and 62 runs. Working 53½ innings of the series, Oriole Reliever Bob Reynolds has given up 15 hits and 6 runs, ruining his fine ERA of 2.18. After his final appearance he rips off his uniform, throws it into a clubhouse trash can filled with tobacco juice and shakes the can violently.

Yet this has been a series that, if not of classic quality, certainly has had a character of its own. It has been wide-open baseball, the kind of baseball that provokes talk and emotion. "Let 'em boo," said Weaver after Baylor had trouble with the lights. "He doesn't deserve it, but I'd rather have 'em booing than home kicking their television sets." The action around second base has been furious, so much so that even a ballroomer would have appreciated the body control of Bobby Grich. The players have put up what they had, and nobody can ask for more.

Dumb and less than competent baseball has also infected the series: Bernie Carbo in a vital situation running right past Coach Zimmer at third, heading for home while Mark Belanger, holding the ball in deep short, looks again to make sure his eyes are not betraying him, and then throws Carbo out as if he were swatting a fly. Cecil Cooper taking a ground ball at first base and then stupidly chasing Grich back to home as a runner advances, the throwing to second of Catcher Williams—usually on two bounces—who could not stop Sydney Greenstreet on a steal.

No significant ground is won or lost after the series closes, but the Orioles have demonstrated once more their ability to break a good club in half like a twig, that despite their problems they may yet again slowly ride the hot summer wind successfully.

Fenway is empty and in its ancient bowels the managers talk. Johnson says he's going back to fundamentals, Weaver says he's going on to Oakland, and both of them, as they push on, would agree with Elliot's Pruffrock: And time yet for a hundred indecisions, / And for a hundred visions and revisions, / Before the taking of a toast and tea. **END**

# Chasing Summer Blues

In the spring, when the waters warm off the New Jersey coast, the bluefish begin their feeding orgy, a phenomenon that stirs the hearts, and reels, of anglers. Come summer, the blues cruise voraciously north along the mid-Atlantic shore, past the tip of Long Island and into the boiling riptides of the Race, where the Sound meets the ocean. Artist-Diver Stanley Meltzoff joined their migration, swimming among vast shoals of these oceanic marauders, a cautious observer and—as the paintings on the following pages show—a meticulous one. It was, says Meltzoff, like “taking a bath in an enormous bouillabaisse.” It was also, as is obvious, an artistic feast.





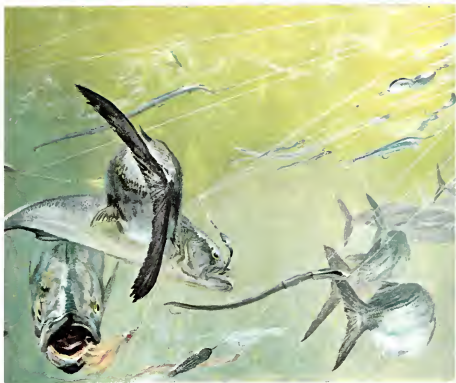
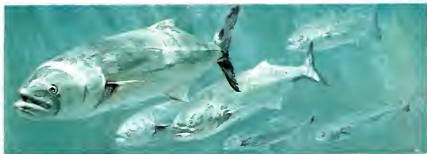


In warm coastal waters, the spring and fall blues, called "bluefish," are the shrewdest of all fish. Jersey jerry men have justly "trap" them. Striped bass, spot and even tropical wanderers like jacks, angels and rudderfish are sometimes taken in the same environs, if food is abundant and cravices are handy for escape from the blues' whimsical appetites.



A school of three speeding (above), driven to the ocean's surface by the marauders, and sand eels (below), trapped in the surf line, are two of the blues' favorite dishes, but bluefish will devour anything that moves. If nothing more succulent is available, they will scrape the bottom of the sea, attacking such well-armored mollusks as the sea robin (for left, below).







# Murder at Sea

**I**t is nothing new, bluefish madness. The story is told of a bright Sunday morning long ago: a crowded Cape Cod church, the door flung wide, and a breathless voice shouting, "The blues are in." And of the dust from horse-drawn buggies suddenly darkening the day, and a beach aswam with figures in black.

There are all kinds of religions on the bluefish coast, though only two are seasonal. These are practiced anew each spring with the sight of the first bluefish and striped bass, but a typical bluefisherman says, "Hell, anyone can wrestle in an old cow bass." It is like comparing the U.S. Olympic boxing team to an Apache war party. Bluefish do not play by the rules. Nothing is safe in their path, not other bluefish, not careless sea birds that venture too close to a surfaced school, not even fishermen ashore. The blue is the only true fish that will actually take aim at a man out of the water and bite him, or so claims Hal Lyman, the much-scarred author of *Successful Bluefishing*, the bible of the sport. That murderous temperament accounts for the tendency of bluefish to all but explode on a surface lure, sometimes leaping clear of the water. And the graceful body, sleekly hard and blue, gives the bluefish fighting strength out of proportion to its size.

The bluefish is not big game, by any means, but it has all the attributes of a superb game fish. Small blues, under a pound, are called snappers, and they snap until the day they die, their teeth growing from needles to daggers. While their elders prowling in deeper waters, the young fish are mostly found in protected bays and inlets, where they provide good fun for youngsters who fish with

bamboo poles. A grown-up snapper is a chopper, and a dozen six-pounders will chew a wooden lure to splinters. Bluefish have even been known to cleave a metal lure in two. At any age the scientific name is *Pomatomus saltatrix*, Latin for a sheathed, leaping, cutting edge. But whatever the bluefish is called, pound for pound it is one of the most feared killing machines that swim.

Clearly the bluefisherman is a blessed species, and for the same reasons the bluefish is a cursed one. Unlike most fish, it can never stop swimming: always the bluefish must have water flowing through its gills. It has the metabolism of a blast furnace, the endurance and appetite of a wolf.

Bluefish prowling the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans and the Mediterranean and Black seas, and for many years reports of giants—40- and 50-pounders—have come in from the coasts of North Africa. Recently an enterprising New Yorker wired a fisheries scientist in Dakar, Senegal about angling prospects. A reply came back weeks later: "To get the big bluefish you must go to the Nantucket Islands or to the Montauk Point." And that is where most of the world's rod-and-reel bluefishermen are right now, fishing a stretch of teeming sea from Cape Cod to Cape May, N.J.

It is near the height of the season. The murky entrance to New York Harbor is all but solid decks and floorboards—rubber rafts to 80-footers, all chumming with oily baitfish. The home of 8 million people looms behind them, and the boats are full of novices, snarled lines and 10-pound fish—chaos. But everyone goes home happy, though some are minus a fingertip or two.

Elsewhere the favored baits are arti-

*continued*

Millions of baitfish move with the tide through the Race. There the blues cut the tasty tidbits off at the pass, meanwhile under threat themselves of being hooked by an assortment of hardware streaming down from boats above.



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#### BLUEFISH *continued*

ficial—at Nantucket, the Vineyard, the Cape and Montauk, in the tide rips and surf of Great Point, Chappaquiddick, Nauset and North Bar—shiny metal lures, enameled popping plugs and swimmers with treble hooks. All of them are catching bluefish, and big ones, a few to 20 pounds and more. But to some this is an ominous sign.

Fish populations run in cycles, both of size and numbers. A decade ago a 12-pound bluefish meant drinks all around: the world record then was 24 pounds three ounces, and it seemed unbeatable. But the blues kept growing, and in 1972 a monster of 31 pounds 12 ounces was taken off Cape Hatteras. Blues are also more abundant, so get 'em while you can, for who knows how long the boom will last.

And now it is 5 p.m. in that triangle of the Atlantic where New Jersey meets New York's Long Island. The fleet has been out all day, chumming the ocean to an oily, churning froth of bluefish. The boats are preparing to weigh anchor and head for shore, blood in the scuppers, most of it from bluefish, burlap bags full and arms sore all around. The schools are cruising, like goldfish in a pond searching for bread crumbs, all set for the second shift. Call that one madness at midnight.

One boat, from Point Lookout, Long Island, moves out into the darkness with 35 fishermen aboard. That should be good for 17 fights, with one man left to mediate. The blues, up to 15-pounders, grab a bait, then run beneath the boat, becoming entangled in other lines. One fish to one bent rod is ideal, but on this night one-to-two prevails. "It's mine," come the screams. At 1 a.m. the decks are slick with gore. Men are crashing down among the fish. The water around the boat is boiling. The harried mate with the gaff is yelling for help. A 12-pounder yanked from the water by a muscular construction worker goes crashing through the cabin window, just missing the captain's head. A real-estate man from Manhattan carelessly places a heavy fish in a burlap sack and loses a chunk of finger flesh. Floating out over the dark ocean is a strange mix of screams and hysterical laughter.

The blues are in. Praise the Lord.

—DAN LEVIN

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# Requiem For a Fastball

by PAT JORDAN

*Perceiving the truth that he can no longer execute the pitch on which he has based his life's hopes, the author completes his odyssey in a place of reptiles, death-defying insects and a nightmarish, portentous garfish*

In the spring of 1961, the real spring, no false spring now, I drove to the Braves' minor league training camp at Waycross, Ga. in a new white Chrysler. It had fins like wings and red plastic seats. Its dashboard was a glass globe filled with dials. At night it glowed with a blue phosphorescent light. The light reflected off my face and filled the car, and I drove as in a blue nimbus. The car was packed with my belongings and those of my wife of six weeks, who would remain at home in Connecticut until I summoned her to our as yet unspecified summer home. We were both 19.

At Waycross I was given a private room in barracks No. 2. I hooked up my new stereo system, a wedding present, so that its music could be heard in the long, open part of the barracks where the others slept side by side on cots. I had brought only two records. At night I played *Leon Sleeps Tonight* and in the morning, to the delight of an Alabama farm boy named Clay (Cotton) Carroll, who was to become one of the mainstays of the Cincinnati Reds, I played *Cotton Fields*.

I could not have known, after the bloom of hope I had experienced in the Florida Winter Instructional League, that the end was so few pitches away.

My first game at Waycross was against Jacksonville or Cedar Rapids or Yakima—I'm not sure. I remember it was still cool and I had to warm up a long time in the bullpen. I remember, too, that I did not feel right as I threw. My motion felt awkward. I had no rhythm. There was a point in my pitching motion when all the parts of my body—throwing arm, shoulders, back, hips, legs—should have been exploding in unison toward the plate. But the parts were out of sync. While the rest of my body was lunging forward, my throwing arm lagged behind. It was as if my arm was reaching back, too late, to grasp something it had forgotten. Only when both feet were planted in my follow-through and my body's rhythm was all but spent did my arm truly begin moving toward the plate. It was as if I was standing flat-footed and merely flipping the ball with my arm. Even as I threw I could feel what was wrong. But my arm had a will of its own. I could impose nothing on it. It bounced balls in the dirt and flung them over my catcher's head. And none of those wild pitches even faintly resembled the fastballs I had once thrown in Davenport, Iowa.

I pitched to 12 batters that day and did not retire one of them. After every walk and wild pitch and base hit, I cursed

*continued*

## Requiem retrospect

and glared and kicked the dirt as I so often had at Davenport, and then, quite to my surprise—I don't remember when or why—it occurred to me that what was happening at this moment was somehow different from anything I had ever experienced before. This thought startled me, as if I were suddenly faced with a strange and unexpected pinch hitter. I paused a moment between pitches and tried to focus on this different thing. When I finally did recognize it the rage left me and in its place came panic. It started as a flutter in my stomach and rose, a solid lump, to my throat.

**I** could not swallow. For one terrifying second I could think of nothing but getting a breath, and only when I finally swallowed again was my mind free to dwell on it. I had forgotten how to do it! How to pitch! I had no control over all those natural movements—arm motion, follow-through, kick—that had been merely reflexive actions for so many years. I tried to remember, but saw only bits and pieces. Shattered fragments of a thing once whole. I sifted through the fragments, tried to fit one to another, could not remember how to make my throwing arm move in unison with my lunging body. I could not remember how I'd once delivered a baseball with a fluid and effortless motion. And even if I could remember how those fragments fit, I somehow knew I could never transmit that knowledge to my arms and legs, my back and shoulders. The delicate wires through which that knowledge had once been communicated were burned out, I know now, by an excess of energy channeled along them too often.

Terror-stricken on the mound, I looked through the home-plate screen and saw the scouts and managers sitting in their deck chairs, shaking their heads in disbelief. A cluster of ballplayers was forming around them, growing larger with each pitch as word spread from diamond to diamond. Behind them all was the rotunda. On its flat roof I could see four Braves executives—Burdie Tebbetts, John McHale, John Mullen, Roland Hemond—standing together.

I began my motion, tried in mid-motion to remember, felt my arm jerk uncontrollably toward the plate, and then I saw the ball rising over the home-plate screen, over the heads of those behind the screen, higher still, over the top of the executives' rotunda, the men standing on it glancing up, startled, and then following the ball with their eyes until it came down on Diamond 4. For a split second everyone—players, umpires, scouts, managers, executives—stared at the ball, resting on the infield dirt behind second base, and then they looked up at the point where the ball had passed over the rotunda, and then, in unison, they turned toward me, standing stunned on the mound. Someone laughed, and then others laughed, too.

I lost it all that spring. The delicate balance I had so assiduously created in the instructional league at Bradenton collapsed, just like that. All that was left was a new and impenetrable frustration that I have only lately begun to crack. After each game I slid farther down through the rosters of the Braves' farm system—from Austin to Jacksonville to Cedar Rapids to Yakima to Boise and, finally, to Eau Claire, Wis. of the Class C Northern League. I broke camp with Eau Claire, an act of kindness by the Braves.

I arrived at Eau Claire in late April with my wife, who had joined me at the end of spring training. We rented a single room with a tiny kitchenette on the second floor of an old two-family house. It disturbed me that, unlike most baseball wives, Carol knew nothing about the game to which I had devoted my life. She took her cues solely from my enthusiasms and despairs. Whenever I pitched decently—a rarity—I had to tell her so, and then she would smile and say, "That's nice, dear." When I was knocked out of the box in the first inning and she saw my dejection, she commiserated with me: "Well, it's certainly not your fault. It's hard to do good when you only play a little bit. . . . Why doesn't your manager let you play as much as the other pitchers?"

On the night of my first starting assignment, I pitched less than an inning. It was like Woyzeck. After I was relieved, I had to sit on the bench in the dugout in 30° weather until the game was over two hours later. I returned to our apartment at midnight and found, in the kitchenette, the table set, dishes gleaming, napkins folded and a single candle, unlit. She was sitting by the table, her hands in her lap, her eyes pink-rimmed. On the counter next to the stove was a mound of freshly peeled but uncooked potatoes and a long, thick, raw steak.

She sniffed, shivering all over as if just emerging from cold water. "I couldn't light the oven," she said, finally.

"What?"

She held up a pack of matches with only a single match left. "I tried, but it wouldn't catch!"

"Jesus, Carol, I'm starved!"

She began to cry. She cried often that first year, having stepped on board a sinking ship with a mad captain. A thousand miles from home for the first time in her life, she was burdened with nothing but my black moods day after day, while I, obsessed with my career, seldom gave her a thought. She was just there, hovering around my despairs, at times a pleasant diversion, at others a burden. To her I was a husband, the sole source of her comfort and despair, and she wondered, secretly, if this was the way it was supposed to be. Always?

After my next disastrous performance I was relegated to the bullpen. After two weeks I was the 10th pitcher on a 10-man staff. I mopped up in the last inning of lost games, and even then often had to be relieved because I could not get three outs. After a month I had appeared in six games for a total of 15 innings.

I remember pitching an inning in Duluth and, afterward, being asked by a Duluth player, "Aren't you the guy from Davenport? The one who could really bring it?" I nodded, embarrassed.

"What happened to you? Your motion's all screwed up."

Another time I remember pitching to Lou Brock in St. Cloud, Minn. At the time Brock was leading the Northern League in hitting with a .389 average. I struck him out on a soft, floating fastball. He swung so far ahead of it he asked my catcher if it was an offspeed pitch. At the end of the inning I sat down in the far corner of the dugout and cried. I cried uncontrollably and my manager had to send another man out to warm up in order to pitch the next inning.

And I remember a game in Winnipeg that began in weather so cold—19 above zero—that we had to build small fires on the dirt floor of the dugout to prevent our fingers from going numb. We huddled around the fires, in our gray flannel, and at the end of each inning sent one of our tribe to forage for twigs and bits of paper in the open area behind the outfield fence. Because I was the player least likely to be used in that game, I was the one sent to forage.

By June I no longer pitched, not even the last inning of hopelessly lost games (which were many, since the Braves were in last place). I spent each game in the bullpen. I warmed up constantly, inning after inning, trying to recapture what had once been as natural as walking. I became more frantic as I threw, and my motion became even more distorted. I was pushing the ball now, like a shotputter.

There was nothing wrong with my arm. I could have understood a sore arm, dealt with it, accepted it eventually. What was happening to me was happening in my head, not my arm. Whenever I began to throw a ball, my head went as blank as a sheet of paper, and afterward it buzzed with a thousand discordant whispers. Recently, a friend of mine met Jeff Jones, the scout who had first signed me to a Braves contract. He asked Jeff why I never made it to the major leagues. "He should have," said Jeff. "He had a great arm, one of the best I'd ever seen." And then he tapped his forehead three times. "But he had a bad head."

After a while no one would catch me in the bullpen; not our third-string catcher, not any of my fellow pitchers. So I threw alone, without a ball. I stood on the warmup mound, pumped, kicked and fired an imaginary baseball toward the plate.

It was in Winnipeg one night that I thought I might be starting a game at last. Jim Fanning, my manager, tossed me a ball and told me to go to the bullpen. "But don't warm up yet," he said. I sat in the right-field bullpen for a while and watched our team practice. I grew anxious as game time drew near. Finally, one of my teammates came sprinting toward me. I stood up, flexed my shoulders, touched my toes twice. It was a pitcher, Jerry Hammitzsch. He tossed me a catcher's mitt. "Jim wants you to warm me up," he said. "He can't spare a catcher right now."

"But I thought . . . he told me I was starting . . ."

"I only know what he told me," he said, and stepped onto the mound. I caught him until he was warm. Each pitch was a blur through my tears. When he returned to the dugout I remained in the bullpen for a few minutes and then I walked across the outfield to our clubhouse. I changed into my street clothes without showering, packed my blue canvas bag and walked to the bus stop. I took a bus into town, got my other bags at the hotel and took a Greyhound from Winnipeg to Eau Claire. I reached the Eau Claire bus terminal at nine o'clock in the morning and found my wife there, crying. "I didn't know what had happened to you," she said. "Everyone's looking for you. Jim Fanning called. He said you ran away . . . I thought you'd left me, too. . . ." She began to laugh and cry at the same time. "I had this ridiculous vision. . . . You were running like a madman through Canada. . . . You were in your uniform. . . ."

That night John Mullen, the Braves' farm director, telephoned. He told me that for jumping the club I was suspended without salary from Eau Claire. I told him he was too late, that I had already suspended Eau Claire from my career.

"Don't be a wise guy," he said. "We're reassigning you to Palatka in the Florida State League. You get down there within two days or I'll see to it you don't get your final bonus payment." We got there.

Situated on the banks of the St. Johns River, Palatka was surrounded by dense tropical foliage in limitless swamps. It was always hot, and it rained daily. The town's main street, made of bricks, was called Lemon Street. Weeds grew out of the spaces between the bricks and out of the cracks in the sidewalks and at the bottom of the concrete buildings, so that to a stranger the vegetation appeared to be strangling the town. There was a paper mill in town. It supplied most of the blacks and poorer whites with employment. Each morning at six they were summoned to work by a whistle that woke the entire area. Shortly thereafter Palatka was blanketed by a lavender haze and filled with a terrible stench.

My wife and I drove slowly over the bricks and stopped in front of the James Hotel, the tallest building in town. In the lobby old men dozed in faded armchairs, while overhead a huge fan turned so slowly I could count its blades. We registered with the grinning clerk. He wiped a handkerchief across his brow. "Hot 'nuff for y'all?" he asked.

We fell asleep fully clothed on the old, iron poster bed in our room and we did not wake from this, the longest of all road trips, until the following night. We ate spareribs at a barbecue place and then drove out to the bull park to watch

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*This is an excerpt from the author's autobiography, "A False Spring," to be published by Dodd, Mead & Company.*

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my new teammates play. They were not called the Braves, I learned from the hotel clerk, but the Azaleas. "After the town flower," the clerk said.

"I never played for a corsage before," I said, but he did not smile.

"They play their games in The Bowl," he said with pride. "The Azalea Bowl." A slightly pretentious name for a Class D ball park, I thought, until we arrived there and I saw that the name was not so much pretentious as ludicrous. The Bowl was a decaying structure at the edge of a swamp. It was enclosed by a 10-foot-wooden fence that began behind the left-field bleachers, went behind the home-plate stands and terminated behind the right-field bleachers. The outfield was enclosed by a three-foot-high wooden fence whose purpose seemed less to define home runs than to hold back the swamp. Thick, green foliage hung over the fence, obscuring the faded names of restaurants and gas stations that had been painted there. Long vines and tendrils crept under the fence onto the playing field, so that often, when an outfielder chased a ball to the fence, vines would get caught in his spikes. Each week, it seemed, the

*continued*

## Requiem

vines crept farther onto the field, the swamp pressed closer, overrunning The Bowl as it was overrunning the town.

Carol and I arrived at The Bowl in the third inning of a game between the Azaleas and the Tampa Smokers. We sat in the top row of the home-plate stands, which were only 10 rows high. On this humid night in June there were perhaps 100 people there, most of them blacks, laughing and cheering in the segregated bleachers along the left-field foul line. On the field my new teammates trailed the Smokers 8-0 under dim lights and to the accompaniment of the noises of the swamp: strange thrashings-about and the crows of birds. In the fifth inning a snake slithered under the outfield fence and the umpires called time while our rightfielder beat it to death with a bat. By the seventh inning, most from the swamp was drifting into the outfield. Concealed from the waist down, outfielders floated eerily through the mist after fly balls.

The Azaleas were, I discovered, one of the worst minor league teams ever assembled. They had fallen to last place and then buried themselves ever deeper. Their fortunes had so turned against them by the time I arrived that players often refused to take the field. The team's leading pitcher, "Birdlegs" Perez, a Dominican dandy with a cherubic face and a body like a stick figure, had lost seven games in a row. He refused to pitch anymore. He claimed he had calcium deposits in his elbow. The Azaleas' leading home-run hitter was Paul Catto, a portly, unshaven first baseman. Paul refused to play one day when, after putting his glove down beside the dugout, he took a lap around the park to loosen up and returned to find his glove stolen. "Enough is enough!" he shouted.

An Azalea outfielder, call him Jim, had been a teammate of mine at McCook, Neb. After indifferent success at McCook he had become a star in Palatka. When I arrived he was leading the Florida State League in hitting, a few percentage points ahead of Tampa's second baseman, Pete Rose. Jim was not used to the pressure. Each day he grew more twitchy as Rose narrowed the gap between them. He pleaded with the manager to drop his name from the starting lineup. He complained of mysterious ailments. He accused Rose of voodoo. And then one day he sat by the window of his room on the top floor of the James Hotel with a case of warm beer beside him, drained each bottle in a single gulp and tossed it out the window at a passing car. Bottles exploded on car roofs and shattered on the bricks. Someone telephoned the sheriff. Jim was arrested. The sheriff telephoned the Milwaukee Braves. A decision was made. The sheriff escorted him to the bus depot and put him on a Greyhound heading north. That was the last we ever saw of him.

I was kept on the inactive list for two weeks. I arrived at the ball park each day at 5.30, dressed, pitched batting practice, ran 10 halfhearted wind sprints, showered, put on my street clothes and joined my wife in the stands. We watched about five innings of each game. Then we had supper and went back to our house, where we watched television and made love.

What we had rented was a tiny house the size of a garage at the end of a dead-end street. The kitchen contained a

battered refrigerator just cool enough to keep food from spoiling for six hours and an old gas stove that continued to hiss gas even after it was lighted. The living room was bare and rugless and contained only a few stacks of wicker lawn furniture. The bedroom was rugless, too, and as stark as the rest of the house except for a huge, canopied four-poster bed in the center of the room. Carol fell in love with that bed on first sight. "It's so elegant," she said.

One night the bed broke down. We found a few wooden crates and metal rails on which to rest the mattress. After that we slept carefully, making no sudden moves. We could have avoided such anxiety by simply putting the mattress on the floor and sleeping there, but Carol would not have it. She was too terrified of the bugs, she said. They were the size of goldfish. Crackly-shelled palmetto bugs, they lived in the walls and ventured out only in darkness. When we returned home at night and flicked on the lights, we would catch them in maneuvers in the middle of the living room floor. The light would momentarily stun them. Carol and I would step on them. Their backs cracked like eggshells. They would regain their senses quickly and scatter in disarray as we stomped after them. Once Carol cornered one, raised her foot high—and smashed her spike heel through the floor. Given a reprieve, the condemned darted into the wall. Carol pulled her foot out of the floor and the heel broke off. She began to cry. "They're eating the house out from under us!" she wailed.

The next morning I bought six aerosol cans of DDT. We sprayed every corner of the house, sprayed until we began to feel sick. We waited. Nothing. We waited all day and into the night and still nothing. We turned off the lights and were about to go to bed when we heard a thousand crunchy steps. I flicked on the lights and the bugs scattered into the walls. I trapped a straggler in a glass jar, sprayed an entire can of DDT into the jar and then screwed on the top. The jar clouded up and the bug disappeared from view. I waited—10, 15 minutes—and then unscrewed the top and turned the jar upside down. The palmetto fell onto the floor and darted into the wall. We went to bed with the lights on. Carol stuffed towels in the crack under the door leading to the living room and more towels under the door to the bathroom and we lay down cautiously on our precariously balanced bed in our brilliantly lit, hermetically sealed room. And we stared at the ceiling.

In the mornings I played pool and drank lemon Cokes on the benches that lined Lemon Street, and in the afternoons I went fishing with Ron Pava, perhaps the only other married Azalea besides the manager, Mike Fandozzi, and myself. Ron was a chunky, swarthy Portuguese from Cranston, R. I., who so resembled a character in the cartoon strip *Yogi Bess* that we nicknamed him "Boo Bear." Boo and I went fishing every afternoon, and we never caught anything. We went first to a bait store, where we bought 30 shrimp in a pail of crushed ice, and then we went to a grocery store and bought six lemons and a package of Dixie cups and a few six-packs of 7-Up, and then we went to a liquor store and bought a gallon of port wine, which we stuck in the pail of crushed ice with the shrimp, and then we drove to the outskirts of town, where the road passed over the nar-

continued





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Americans make over 3½ billion interstate calls each year.

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How will the Bell System handle this dramatically increased demand?

Part of the answer may be millimeter waveguide, a new high-capacity transmission system being developed by Western Electric and Bell Labs.

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But to work satisfactorily, the tubing must be near-perfect. So the people at Western Electric helped develop the know-how to make the most precise tubing in the world.

Which, in itself, may not set the world back on its heels. But the partnership of Bell Labs' innovativeness, your Bell Telephone Company's needs and Western Electric's manufacturing capabilities adds up to this simple thought:

Your call may be only one in 3½ billion. But we're doing everything we can to help it on its way.



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We make things that bring people closer.

A man in a red marching band uniform with a white hat and a cigarette in his mouth. The hat has a gold emblem and a gold band with the word "Columbia" written on it. He is holding a drum with red stars on it. The background is blurred, showing other band members in similar uniforms.

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Mar. '74



**Benson & Hedges 100's**



Menthol or Regular

# Okay, tiger, sell your own home. But don't say we didn't warn you.

All you have to do is run an ad in the paper and wait for the offers to roll in, right?

Well, a lot of folks have tried to sell their homes this way. Some succeeded. Most just tried. The lucky ones might have even saved themselves a buck or two.

Less fortunate do-it-yourselfers quickly find out that selling your own home can be a costly, time-consuming, even risky affair. That's why most homeowners find the services of a Realtor to be not only pleasant and profitable, but a downright necessity. Realtors help them in a number of valuable ways.

## "A bargain? Says who?"

Ask too much for your home, and you'll scare people away. And you don't want to ask for too little. Heaven forbid.

The first thing a Realtor can do for you is recommend a reasonable asking price. He's always up-to-date on market demand, seasonality of sales, location and a host of other variables.

## "Quick, put away those TV trays."

That newspaper ad that says "For sale by owner" makes you fair game.

If you don't mind phone calls at all hours of the day or night, it might not be so bad. But what about the Sunday afternoon browser who just "kinda wanted to see what the place looked like"? Or the second-shift night owl who "can't make it before 11:15 or so, if that's all right,"

Your Realtor can solve these problems. He'll screen the prospects to find out their needs, desires and financial situation. He's got the experience to tell real buyers from hard-core lookers. And best of all, he'll show your house only when it's convenient for you.

## "Wait till you see the patio."

You've got this nice young couple looking your place over. You figure you know what to say, how to present your home to convince them.

Are you sure?

Your Realtor is. He's trained in the art of salesmanship (and it is an art). He's learned how to get an indecisive buyer to make up his mind; how to close the sale. In fact, he's gone to school to find out the secrets of selling. And selling is what it's all about.

## "Tell you what I'll do."

Ah, you devil, you got an offer. But it's far below your asking price.

You could argue. But if you win the argument, you'll probably lose the sale. If you lose it, you lose money. So you lose either way.

As the owner, you'll discover it's pretty hard to negotiate with a buyer objectively—to settle price, terms, possession, things like that.

But your Realtor can be objective. So he's in a better position to negotiate the sale. He'll tell you when you're wrong. And he'll tell you when to stick to your guns.

He's usually a heck of a nice guy, too. He knows how to smooth over,

or avoid, any sale-killing misunderstandings.

## "I'll take it—as soon as I swing the loan."

A would-be buyer doesn't do you much good unless he can lay his hands on enough money. Many buyers don't even know how to go about looking for a loan.

But a Realtor deals with financing problems every day. His work puts him in close contact with all kinds of financial institutions. So he knows their requirements.

Simply put, he can help your buyer find the money he needs.

## "Sir, there are a couple of things I forgot to mention."

The details involved in selling a house can make your head spin. Paperwork, title searches, financial arrangements—a hundred and one little things to do.

Unless you have a mind like a computer, you'll need a Realtor to get everything done and keep it straight. He and your attorney will guide you through the tangle of details as painlessly as possible.

## "I don't understand."

You may be wondering why Chicago Title Insurance Company cares about how you sell your home. After all, we're in the business of insuring titles to real estate, not selling it. It's just that after serving title needs for over 125 years, we've come to know how important Realtors are and how much they can help you.



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Chicago, Illinois 60602

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## Requiem continued

rowest part of the St. Johns River without benefit of a bridge railing. We parked the car on a soft shoulder and sat on the edge of the road with our feet dangling over the river. We baited our hooks with shrimp and tossed them into the water. We poured some port wine over crushed ice, added a dash of 7-Up and a squeeze of lemon, and relaxed.

To combat the heat we refreshed ourselves often with our wine coolers. After a while we no longer noticed the heat; sweat pouring down our necks, heads nodding on our chests, the bamboo poles now weightless in arms gone numb. Nor did it register that we never got a nibble, that we never saw a fish, that after a while we had begun to eat our bait.

We fished like this daily and probably would have continued until the end of the season except for an experience we had late one afternoon after we had finished the last of the wine. The sun was beginning to set and the day had grown dark and cool, although by then we were too numb to really notice. We had not moved a muscle in minutes, it seemed, when suddenly there was a splash and we saw, rising out of the water, twisting like a corkscrew as it rose, a huge and ugly fish. It had a hide like rusted armor and a mean, long-billed face like an alligator's. The fish kept rising and rising in slow motion, endlessly, it seemed, until it had reached a height of almost six feet and its beady pop-eyes were level with our own. We stared at one another. Then we stared into the pop-eyes of the garfish and he scrutinized us with a narrowing squint. He opened his long-billed mouth to reveal rows of tiny teeth like thumbtacks. With a single swipe he severed both lines and then slipped silently back into the river. We said nothing. We just sat there, fishing with our severed lines that no longer reached the water, staring at that point in space where the garfish had stared at us. After a while we got up to leave. We threw the rest of the shrimp into the river, and then we threw the pearl of ice in, too, and the empty 7-Up bottles, and the wine bottle, and then, as an afterthought, we threw our bamboo poles into the river, and we never dared mention what we had seen—what we thought we had seen—to anyone, not even to one another.

I was put on the Azaleas' active list early in July. A few days later I won my first game of the season. I pitched five innings against the Daytona Beach Islanders before being relieved with the tying runs on base. My relief pitcher returned the side and then pitched three more scoreless, futile innings to preserve my first victory of the year. Nothing had changed in my pitching, really. I had given up three runs on six walks, five hits and a wild pitch. I had struck out only one batter. My motion was still a disaster and my fastball and curve were faint echoes of what they had once been. But I had had luck that night (now that I no longer needed it), and I had begun to cease to care. I threw easily, without thought or anxiety over my lost promise. It was hard to be tormented by lost promise at Palatka, where one was surrounded by so much lost promise. We laughed at our inadequacies. One night, playing third base, Boo Bear kicked two routine ground balls into the third-base stands. When he returned to the dugout at the end of the inning, he sat at the far end of the bench, shaking his head gloomily. Someone called down to him, "Atta boy, Boo, great hands!"

We all began to laugh. Boo glanced sideways at his laughing teammates, his face dark and threatening, and then not so threatening, and then he was laughing, too.

I laughed at myself. For the first time. After my victory over the White Sox, one of the Azaleas shook my hand. "Nice motion you got there, fella," he said. "Smooth."

"Just a little something I picked up along the way," I said, and we both laughed.

Ironically, I was one of the most successful pitchers on the club during the last weeks of the season. I started every fourth game or so, and often relieved between starts. In one 11-day span I appeared in four games for a total of 20 innings, and I won two. When we left for Tampa on the last road trip of the season, I had a 4-5 record. Despite this modest success, I had not deluded myself into thinking I had recaptured anything. I knew I was not throwing well, was getting by on a little luck, a little know-how and indifference. I realized that my pitching had deteriorated as much as it possibly could have in Eau Claire and now, at Palatka. I was not making progress; I was just not getting worse.

I thought about all of these things as Boo Bear and I drove toward Tampa on that hot afternoon near the end of the season. I wondered where I had lost my talent, tried to discover that point where it all started going downhill. But it was like trying to read random, unconnected points on a faulty graph, none of which indicated a direction. I turned to Boo Bear beside me in the front seat. "Pour me one of those, Boo," I said.

He had set up a small bar on the dashboard—wine, ice, 7-Up, lemons—and he had already poured himself two wine coolers while I was daydreaming.

"Aren't you pitching tonight?" he asked.

"To hell with it," I said, and he laughed. Boo poured me a cool drink, and a little later he poured another, and then another, and another, until we reached Tampa.

I started that game without a care in the world, and it did not bother me a bit when I walked the first four batters I faced, or when Mike Fandozzi came out to the mound to relieve me from this, the last game of my career, or when I walked into the dugout with an idiot's grin and my teammates burst out laughing. I sobered up on the ride home that night. I was not grinning when we reached Palatka at four o'clock in the morning. I woke up my wife.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said. "We're going home. Pack our things."

"But the season isn't over yet," she said. "You still have two more games."

"Don't worry about it," I said. "It's all right." We packed the Chrysler with all our belongings and then, because we still owed a month's rent, I coasted the car down the hill past our landlord's house, and then I turned the key.

We reached Jacksonville at dawn and Brunswick, Ga. a little later and then Savannah and Florence, S.C. and Fayetteville, N.C., and the time passed easily as I daydreamed about my career. When we reached Rocky Mount, N.C. it was dark again. We moved slowly through traffic, past motels and traffic lights, and suddenly it occurred to me, with a chill, that I had no career. What would I be without baseball? I could think of nothing.

END

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◆Setting off from Chicago to Washington on a month-long "marathon" run to dramatize the worldwide shortage of food, most spectacularly in drought-stricken regions of Africa, erstwhile Comedian **Dick Gregory** contended that conditions in the U.S. also deserve attention. "There are shortages here that nobody wants to talk about," he said. "Middle-income people are eating beans and rice now because they can't afford their usual food, and they're forcing the price of beans out of the reach of poor people."

Though this run will be his longest, Gregory is not a novice. He was Missouri high school champion in the mile in 1951, and was the third-fastest small-college half-miler in the country while attending Southern Illinois University, where he captained the track and cross-country teams and was named the school's outstanding athlete of 1953. And how does he feel running 40 miles a day? "It is constant pain." Not making it easier is the fact that he is fasting—taking only liquids—en route. When Gregory talks about hunger, he means it.

**Jim Whittaker**, the first American on the summit of Everest, (in 1963), runs an outdoors store in Seattle at which climbers often spend an entire afternoon just selecting a new pair of boots. It's not that the store doesn't carry an assortment large enough to fit everyone from Tinker Bell to the Sasquatch. It's more that acquiring a new pair of *Bavarian Kletterschuhe* has become a competitive sporting event. You see, Whittaker used to have some unusual problems in his shop. Boot buyers liked to test purchases by climbing on windowsills and counters—some even chimneyed up doorframes. This was hard on the sills, counters and doorframes. Before customers started trying out ice axes, crampons

and pitons on his walls, Whittaker decided to take steps. He found a spot on the floor of his establishment (a former auto-parts warehouse) that could take the stress and installed a rock wall 12 feet high and 30 feet long. "But now, every morning when I come in," says Whittaker, "I find the employees seeking new routes and handholds on the wall instead of tending to business."

◆**Junior Johnson** had a busy week. The former stock-car racer, now a successful builder and preparer of racing cars, started at in Daytona, where two of his machines were entered in the Firecracker 400 (page 29). Then it was up to North Carolina to face a federal judge. Eighteen years ago, it seems, Johnson was fined and sent to jail for bootlegging whiskey. Junior, in the good ol' boys tradition, learned his racing skills by keeping ahead of revenuers on bad back roads. Johnson served his time but never paid the \$5,000 fine, and he told the judge that he did not have the money to do so now. He maintained that his only income is expense money paid by Junior Johnson & Associates (in which he owns only one share of stock), that his large house and chicken farm in Wilkes County, N.C. are owned by his wife, and

that anyway he was told back then that the 30 extra days he spent in jail were in lieu of the fine. The court said it would think the matter over. Johnson said thank you and flew back to Daytona for the race, where two of his cars were hot. Cale Yarborough finished in a dead heat for third in one, and Earl Ross finished 13th in the other.

**Wilbur Young**, 285-pound defensive end for the Kansas City Chiefs and one of the rising stars of the NFL, has taken up sewing as a hobby. Not only does he make many of his own clothes, he has been asked to tailor for teammates such as Willie Lamer, Buck Buchanan and Nate Allen. Young, who is 6'7" and wears size 50 trousers, had been laying out a cool \$40—at least—for his pants, most of which had to be specially ordered. Now he stitches a pair for \$4. "I hunt for material all over," says Young, who must be formidable at basement fabric sales. "Just the other day I picked up some double knit for \$1.99 a yard. I can make an outfit in a day if I need to finish it in a hurry." He bought a standard home sewing machine but soon outgrew it and now has a commercial machine, which enables him to work faster. "My clothes are conservative,"



Young says, in a style note. "They aren't 'fly.' I want to make a suit jacket and an overcoat. The only constructive thing I do is sew."

Why is **Bobby Goldsboro** a Country-and-Western singer and writer instead of, say, a professional football player? Not because he's a peanut or lacks the will, but because he's bristle. "I broke my ankle the first day I went out for track at Auburn University, and in high school I broke my hand the first day of basketball practice," he recalls. "In baseball, I spiked myself—behind my right knee. Eight stitches. I ran into a light pole catching a football. That cost me 13 stitches over an eye. I broke my wrist mimbiking in South Dakota." The upshot is that Goldsboro's contract for his new television series specifically prohibits him from such risky activities as skiing, among other things. At a recent show at the Astroworld in Houston he was able to laugh about his latest injury. "I cut my toe on a Rice Krispie that had hardened on the floor overnight." So far Goldsboro has never been maimed during a performance. "I guess it's because I just sit on a stool," he says.



## What a difference a day makes

For Dick Williams it meant a leap from softball in Hartford to major league ball, sort of, in Anaheim

Had Dick Williams foreseen even half the problems that confronted him on his return to the managerial profession, no doubt he would have retained his job as a "drudgery-of-work breaker" for a Florida-based conglomerate. His first baseman carried a camera in his back pocket and 30 surplus pounds around his waist. His 40-year-old pitcher wore size 14 shoes and favored a tantalizing underhanded slowball. And his designated hitter was a tire salesman who claimed he had not touched a ball since he "threw one wild last October and ended up on the disabled list."

For Williams, managing Conn's Kings in a Greater Hartford (Conn.) Softball League game for a local charity served

as a perfect refresher course in the arts of lineup structuring, umpire bating and dugout communication on the eve of his new assignment as manager of the California Angels, the worst team in the American League. As always, the mustachioed Williams acted promptly and decisively. He ordered the first baseman, Jerry Margolis, to give the camera back to his wife. He humored the pitcher, Lesny Ginsberg, by telling him the rotation would be "Ginsberg today and Nolan Ryan tomorrow." And he told the designated hitter, Mike Andrews, to shorten up on his aluminum bat and "get a hit for Charlie." Andrews gulped "Charlie?" Then he struck out on Rocco Brancanti's changeup.

By Charlie, Williams meant Charles O. Finley, the maverick owner of the Oakland Athletics, and Williams and Andrews both left Finley's employ following the 1973 World Series, Williams resigning as manager after winning two straight world championships, Second Baseman Andrews receiving his unconditional release after a celebrated sore-shoulder incident that temporarily sentenced him to the disabled list. Andrews now sells tires in Dorchester, Mass. Williams was a corporate internal-motivation specialist in Palm Beach until two weeks ago when Finley, who had legally blocked Williams from managing the New York Yankees, decided to allow the Angels to sign him to a 3½-year, \$350,000 contract as replacement for Bobby Winkles. "You can never predict what Charlie's

going to do," said Williams, still stunned by Finley's about-face.

Williams left the softball game in West Hartford after two scoreless innings and flew to California for his rendezvous with the Angels, a team in turmoil. As he studied his new personnel, it occurred to him that the Angels somewhat resembled the Boston Red Sox he had inherited in 1967. "The Red Sox finished half a game out of last place in 1966 only because they happened to play three less games than the last-place team," Williams said. "But I knew the Red Sox weren't a last-place club, and we won the pennant in 1967. Well, I also know that the Angels are not a last-place club."

Still, the Angels had problems. In his parting blast, Winkles blamed Frank Robinson for most of the club's troubles, suggesting that Robinson had interfered too frequently in Winkles' relationships with younger players and had meddled in his managerial decisions on the field. To resolve any such potential conflicts, Williams immediately appointed Robinson the captain of the Angels—the team has never had one—and gave him the powers of a coach. "Frank was very instrumental in helping me develop a strong association with Reggie Jackson," Williams said. "He's a leader, and he's a winner. If Frank has something to say, I want the young players to listen. And if he wants to make suggestions on the bench, I will listen."

Ironically, Williams returned to baseball against Finley's Athletics. The Angels had expected 8,000 for the Monday night game, but Williams lured a paid audience of 16,405 into the stadium at Anaheim and received a 45-second standing ovation when he jogged from the dugout to home plate for a pregame meeting with the umpires and Oakland Captain Sal Bando. "Hi, Cap," Williams said to Bando.

Sticking with his planned rotation of Ginsberg and Ryan, Williams started Ryan, who had tossed a one-hitter in his previous game. Ryan was even wilder than Ginsberg, but he was ahead 3-2 going into the eighth inning. On the bench Williams was relaxed, he knew that Ryan had an astonishing 42-0 record for games in which he took a lead into the eighth inning. Make that 42-1. In the Oakland eighth, Bando doubled home Bert Campaneris to tie the score, moved to third base when Ryan threw a wild pitch while giving Reggie Jackson an intentional



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walk and scored the winning run on Joe Rudi's sacrifice fly.

By the time the Athletics left Anaheim, they had won four straight games from their old manager, and at week's end, after losing to Cleveland twice, Williams was still looking for his first Angel victory. Maybe he needs a "drugstore-of-work breaker" himself. Oh, his softball team? Ginsberg pitched a 6-0 shutout.

## THE WEEK

(June 20-July 6)  
by DAN LEVIN

**AL WEST** Kansas City's Bruce Dal Canton has a new knickler this season and, in spite of the fact he is, he flipped a 9-0 helping of knuckles at the team of the man who helped him with the pitch. Chicago. "Wilbur Wood told me to cut my fingernails square, not round," Dal Canton revealed. The game was on national television. In KC's previous network TV appearance this year Dal Canton beat Baltimore 9-1. When the Royals appeared on the tube once again, last Saturday, Nelson Briles was the KC pitcher, and he kept the streak going with a 5-3 win over Boston. It was Briles' first victory in the American League.

Texas dropped back into a third-place tie by losing three straight, but Ranger Shortstop Toby Harrah hit his ninth home run in 16 games—nearly half his team's home production for the period. Chicago, only 4-4 for the week, also had an enterprising hitter. Bill Melton, who had been in a slump most of the season, went 12 for 12 in three games against the Royals, hit three home runs and raised his average from .199 to .225. Said Melton, who homered again on Saturday against Detroit, "I was in a slump so long it was like the Sox were playing with eight guys instead of nine."

While Minnesota was deep in fifth place, the Twins at least could applaud the progress of Outfielder Larry Hise (whom Owner Calvin Griffith tried to trade last winter). Hise got his sixth game-winning hit of the season—a home run—and ripped four hits the next day, including another homer, in a 6-4 win at Milwaukee.

OAK 48-36 KC 40-38 TEX 41-41  
CHC 36-49 MINN 36-48 CAL 30-51

**AL EAST** Relishing the outcome of the Boston-Baltimore slugfest (page 24), Cleveland slipped past the Red Sox into the lead. The Indians had won 11 of their last 13, thanks to the bat of Centerfielder George Hendrick and the phenomenal arm of Gaylord Perry. Among other

deeds, Hendrick spoiled a Nolan Ryan no-hitter-in-progress with his 15th homer of the season. Hendrick is hitting .304, has 44 RBIs and has scored 41 runs. Perry won his 15th straight. As former Indian owner Bill Veck said, "Never has a club or a town owed so much to one pitcher." Said Perry, "There is more pressure each game, but I pitch better under pressure." Brother Jim wasn't doing so badly either, defeating Milwaukee to even his record at 7-7.

Detroit won five of eight and moved into a third-place tie with Baltimore as Gates Brown fattened his league record for pinch hits to 91 and set a new AL mark for pinch home runs: 13. Another Tiger was getting record-conscious, the record being most games won, single season, by a reliever. Reliever John Miller won his 11th, putting him even in victories with L.A.'s redoubtable Mike Marshall. Their target is Elroy Face's mark of 18, set in 1959.

The Brewers were Cleveland's favorite pasties, losing four of five to the Indians. The Yankees had a turnabout week—losing their seventh straight, then winning three in a row—and on one night you might have mistaken them for the Bombers of yore. Indeed, genuine Bombers were present for an Old-timers evening in Texas. DiMaggio, Mantle, Bauer. Thus inspired, the 1974 Yankees slammed 11 hits and won 9-3.

CLEV 44-38 BOS 43-38 BAL 42-37  
DET 40-36 MIL 38-40 NY 38-42

**NL WEST** Flying higher and higher, the Dodgers won five of eight and led the division by 10 games, the biggest margin in their West Coast history. Reliever Mike Marshall was on a spectacular solo flight of his own, pitching in a major league-record 13th straight game. In his streak, which began June 18, he had six wins, two saves and a 1.67 ERA for 26½ innings. "If they ask me to pitch in the next 20 games I'll be ready," Marshall said. But they didn't ask in the next one as the Dodgers lost to second-place Cincinnati for the first time in nine games this season. However, the Reds were still all those games back, and worse, not hitting. "We're not giving up," said the Reds' Don Gullett. Maybe not on the season, but forget the rest of the week's three more losses made it six in seven days.

Although the Braves were grateful for a 10-inning, 3-2 victory over Chicago, they had lost 13 of their last 18. Manager Eddie Mathews said, "Baseball is a game of peaks and valleys, but this valley we're in is getting too deep for my taste." The Houston Astros were also down at that valley, but climbing out, it seemed, leaving footprints on Atlanta backs. They beat the Braves three of four, defeated San Diego once and Pittsburgh twice. Leftfielder Bob Watson, batting .307 himself, now calls rookie Rightfielder Greg

Gross (.340) Ty Williams. "He never swings at a bad pitch," says Watson. Though he had a league-leading 67 RBIs, Centerfielder Cesar Cedeno was not entirely happy. "The way Gross has been on base in front of me," said Cedeno, "I could have 100 RBIs."

A victory over San Francisco released the Padres from the cellar for a day—the first time in their existence they had climbed so high at this point in the season—but four consecutive losses followed. "I'm convinced we'll beat out at least one team," said Manager John McNamara, "and maybe two or three." Maybe

LA 38-37 CIN 48-36 ATL 44-40  
HOU 42-40 SF 37-41 SD 36-51

**NL EAST** Perhaps the Pirates miss, as the song goes, "the comforts they can only get in port." Anyway, Pittsburgh was at it again. At home they beat the Phillies twice and the Expos three out of four, but then they took to the road and promptly lost two in a row to Houston. It figures. The Pirates have won 15 of their last 16 at Three Rivers Stadium, but only 11 of 40 away.

Four of the Cardinals' five wins came on the road, and a .544 percentage, their best mark of the season, bred confidence. Not to mention being on top on July 4. Twice since 1951 they have led on that date, and both times they won the pennant. The resurgence of 38-year-old Bob Gibson also had the Cardinals chirping. As Tim McCarver said, "Anybody who counts him out is a fool." In his last three starts Gibson has allowed only two runs in 23½ innings, and he finished his week just three short of the 3,000 strikeout mark.

The contending Phillies were also coming back—a bit. After losing eight straight they took three in a row—one from New York and two from San Diego—and shared second place with Montreal. For their part, the Expos had the temerity not only to beat lefty Los Angeles two of three but to become the first team to score in double figures against the Dodgers this year—an 11-6 victory at Jarry Park. Among their 14 hits the Expos had three home runs. After the Dodgers scored three times in the fifth, rookie Catcher Barry Foote drove a tremendous two-run shot to left into a strong crosswind. In the eighth Mike Jorgensen and Ken Singleton hit back-to-back homers—these aided by the wind and looping to right.

Chicago was untemperately fierce, winning a doubleheader for the first time since May 13, 1973 (over Atlanta) and another game to make it three straight, their best winning streak of the year. "The Cubs are on the move," crowed Manager Whitey Lockman.

ST. L 43-36 MONT 30-38 PHIL 41-40  
PIT 38-43 CHC 38-48 NY 34-48

## A king takes himself off the board—maybe

**With regal hauteur, Bobby Fischer resigns his world championship in a gambit calculated to make FIDE change the rules for the next title match**

There are few personalities in the history of sport like Robert J. Fischer. Arrogant, evasive, uncooperative, private and mysterious, he awes spectators, colleagues and opponents alike not so much by his genius for chess as by the force of his uncompromising will that stands in contrast—often in belligerent contrast—to that of the rest of the world. His is a Nietzschean integrity, chiseled in flint, oppressive to lesser mortals who lack his confidence and singleness of mind. In a sporting world replete with Mark Spitz and Bobby Riggs types in a frenzy to cash in on any available jackpot, Bobby Fischer looms like some distant, unscaled peak. Other gifted talents in sport can be acted upon and for, shaped, seduced, controlled and otherwise orchestrated by public opinion, by

the professional athletic Establishment, by the pressures of the marketplace (and the perfervid managers from Madison Avenue), but Fischer remains his own man. He does not endorse, he is not managed, he is not available, he notoriously rejects advice and he has few friends. He is not always right but he is *always* himself, and this rangles and grates. He is labeled a reclusive egotist, when in point of fact the world could learn some lessons from Fischer on the value of autonomy and solitude.

In any event, for better or worse, Bobby has struck again—much to the chagrin of the managers of international chess, the Fédération Internationale des Echecs (FIDE). Seemingly out of the blue, and with nary a tear of regret, Fischer resigned what most people would have supposed to be his most precious possession, the title of world chess champion, thereby proving once again that titles, power and pelf conferred by organizations mean little to him.

Bobby Fischer not only plays chess brilliantly, he is keenly interested in how the game is played in international competition—its rules, organizations and regulations. Unlike so many other athletes and sportsmen, Fischer is not content simply to play the game and “leave the driving to us.” If chess is like war, as many say it is, then it is too important to be left to the secretaries-general. As world champion, Bobby is ex-officio a

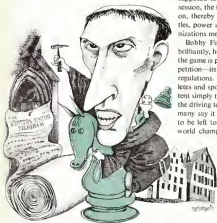
member of FIDE's central committee. From this base he has defused FIDE delegates and officers with a steady stream of proposals for reforms and innovations in playing, scoring and organization. Among his many peevish has been the

draw—that dreary, inconclusive conclusion of far too many match and tournament games. At Fischer's prodding FIDE had excluded the draw as a significant entity from the 1975 world championship in which Fischer is to meet his first challenger, the winner of the Viktor Korchnoi-Anatoly Karpov playoff this September. The final regulations were to be determined at the FIDE meeting in Nice on the occasion of last month's 21st Chess Olympiad (in which Bobby chose not to participate) and the 50th anniversary of FIDE.

On the eve of the discussion Fischer sent an 800-word cablegram to the delegates outlining his stands on a large number of issues ranging from his opposition to the politicization of FIDE (i.e., the proposed expulsion of Rhodesia and South Africa), to his support of Max Euwe in the latter's bid for reelection to the federation presidency. The hard-hitting message, which reminded people of the 95 Theses Luther tacked onto the church door at Wittenberg, ended with Fischer's non-negotiable demands concerning the conditions of the upcoming championship match. He “proposed” that the contest be won by the first player to win 10 games, with no limit on the total number of games played, thus obviating the value of drawn games. Previously, FIDE had agreed in principle on a limit to the number of games with draws to count only if neither player had won 10 games. Lastly Fischer insisted that in the event the match reached a 9-9 tie, the champion would retain the title and the prize fund would be split equally between both players. This in effect requires the challenger to win by at least two games, 10 to 8 for instance.

Though the style of Fischer's cablegram was admittedly undiplomatic, there was nothing in its content that cannot be justified by appeal to precedent. Most of the previous 39 world championship matches have presented similar hurdles for the challenger, though in the years (1948-71) that the Russians dominated the championship, match regulations stipulated a total of 24 games, the player with the higher score winning, draws included in the total. (In the event of a tie the reigning champion retained his title.) In effect Fischer is insisting that only wins count and, as before, a tie score goes to the incumbent titlist.

What stuck in the Russian delegates'



craw was Fischer's demand for unlimited games. Publicly they claimed the mental and physical strain on a player under such an arrangement would be too great, although privately no one—including the Russians—expected the championship match to last longer than the Fischer-Spassky contest, which comprised 20 games. As one international grandmaster put it, "Fischer will either win or lose—most likely win—in fewer games than at Reykjavik."

So the nub of the issue was the principle of authority. Who, in effect, has a right to call the shots concerning match organization, the players or FIDE? The Russian national chess federation—though not necessarily its players—backed FIDE. The American delegates and spokesmen at Nice upheld Fischer's demands, although they struggled frantically to avoid a head-on clash. After much discussion and politicking, the FIDE delegates reaffirmed their earlier position: a match with a 36-game limit (if no one has compiled 10 wins, the player with the higher score takes the title and a tie goes to the champion). When Fischer was apprised of this decision, he fired off a cable resigning "my FIDE world chess champion title." It was a strong gesture on Fischer's part and one clearly contrary to advice he received from U.S. Chess Federation officials, but as former Federation President Fred Kramer put it, "Bobby acts on his own logic, not ours."

If FIDE had a stronger case for insisting on its terms it might have a better chance to win this confrontation. As it is, Max Euwe and his boys are on such thin ice that they're practically standing on (or sinking in) water. Fischer has precedent, common sense and most grandmasters on his side. But more important, he is simply stronger than FIDE. The title of world champion that FIDE awarded Fischer in 1972 only confirmed (somewhat belatedly, most felt) the straight facts: Bobby Fischer is far and away the best chess player currently drawing the breath of life and is an odd-on favorite to go down in history as one of the three or four greatest ever. Any world championship, or for that matter any major tournament or match, which does not take him into account risks derision and neglect. Witness, for example, the Chess Olympiad where 40 of the world's top grandmasters could scarcely

continued

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## CHESS

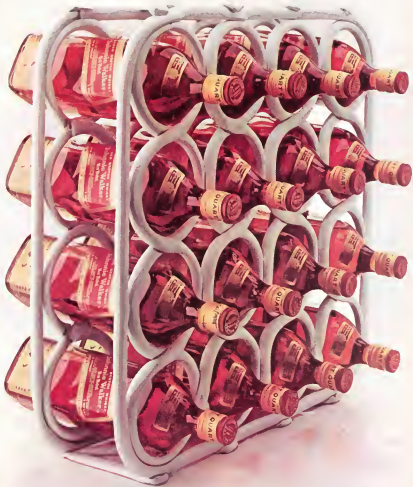
attract one headline because Bobby was not there. Singlehandedly, Fischer has brought chess out of the esoteric backwater of Mincel-Europa and established it in the realm of sport.

Spassky could have kept his title and avoided a match with Fischer after the stunts Bobby pulled before Reykjavik. But the Russian champion correctly sensed that without this contest the title would have little meaning. Similarly, Korchin has agreed that a title forfeit would mean virtually nothing. Moreover, as Isaac Kashdan, a Californian who is one of the most observant and experienced chess personalities on the international scene, points out, "Fischer would have no trouble, if he chose to, in setting up his own matches, getting his own high-paying backers and playing a match with practically any grandmaster he chose—maybe even a Russian." FIDE would not dare, and in fact could not, forbid a master from playing Fischer. FIDE could only refuse to give rating points on the basis of the match—a meaningless sanction at that level. Without a shred of doubt grandmasters like up-and-comers Henrique Mecking of Brazil and Ulf Andersson of Sweden would jump at the chance to play a match with Fischer outside the auspices of FIDE. Unless their own national federations forbid them to do so, a number of Russian grandmasters would probably do likewise. Why? Because Bobby Fischer plays the best, most exciting chess of any man alive, that's why.

For the time being the situation is a standoff. FIDE sent Fischer a courteous, conciliatory cablegram asking him to "reconsider the possibility of defending title under regulations adopted here." Actually FIDE did not technically send it to Bobby because it did not know his address or telephone number (though Fischer definitely knows FIDE's number). So FIDE made the cablegram public in the hope that Fischer would see it. Very likely Fischer won't bother to read it. Nevertheless, there is no urgency until January 1975 when a city must be selected as the site of the world championship match. By that time, Max Euwe and FIDE may have come to realize what Andrew Solits, an American international master, observed while playing Fischer a game of chess. "You know you're going to lose. Even when I was ahead I knew I was going to lose."

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The understatement of 1974 is that the owners and players of the National Football League were at an impasse in negotiating a new contract. Last weekend, they could not even agree on what they were arguing about. The players said it was freedom and dignity. The owners called it anarchy and said the problem was dollars and cents. So the NFL Players Association called a strike and became the first group of professional athletes ever to pocket their employers.

The historic picket line was formed on July 3 in San Diego where the Chargers opened their camp before any other NFL team. Picketing, of course, is a traditional weapon of oppressed labor. It conjures up scenes of suffering workers, worn by starvation, trudging in tatters against a bitter wind. Such at least should be implied for a proper picketing attitude, since picketing seeks to spotlight the plight of the pickets.

Unfortunately for the NFL players' cause, their picket line did not project this image. The NFL veterans came to the Chargers' camp in Continentals, Cadillacs, Mercedes and Winnebagos. Most were the very picture of physical fitness; the few who were not could have used a little starvation. They hoisted neatly printed signs that announced their cause but betrayed some frivolity. OF THE OUTSIDERS, for instance. You can look it up. Their leader, NFL Players Association Executive Director Ed Garvey, led the parade in a conservative gray plaid jacket. Behind "the Pied Piper," as a man sympathetic to the owners called Garvey, the players sauntered cheerfully in T-shirts, Bermuda shorts and sandals, basking in the California sunshine.

"Too bad it's not hotter," mumbled another owners' man. It became hotter. Shirts came off. Kids who came to see heroes like Alan Page, Ed Podoluk, Ray May and Gene Upshaw stayed to carry signs for the willing behemoths. The Pied Piper began to look like a lobster.

Beyond publicizing their labor dispute, the pickets hoped to convince rookies, who are not yet members of the players' union, not to enter the training camps. "The arrogance of an owner who says he's going to play the exhibition season or regular season with rookies is astounding," said Garvey. "We're either going to put on a first-rate production or we're going to put on a carnival." All of which made life miserable for the rookies. "I think leaving the camp is too much to



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ask of us," said San Diego rookie Jesse Frentas, the Most Valuable Player in the Coaches All-America Game. "To honor the picket line you've got to be willing not to play football. The vets say, 'No freedom, no football.' Well, I feel free enough and I want to play football."

All of the Chargers' draft choices and free agents reported to camp. On the second day, the Fourth of July, Garvey arranged for himself, NFLPA President Bill Curry and San Diego Player Representative Joe Beauchamp to address the rookies. At the appointed time, he led his entire picketing force and a young lady wearing a sash identifying her as "Miss Charger 1974" up the hill toward the Charger camp. Miss Charger 1974 could not ignore the symbolism of Independence Day. "Our forefathers wanted us to be free and we're not," she shrieked. The players' march was quickly halted—as pickets they were not legally entitled to enter the camp—but not before exposure on that night's TV newscasts had been assured,

"We put on a helluva show," said the Philadelphia Eagles' Kermit Alexander, Garvey, Curry and Beauchamp were allowed inside and persuaded the rookies to walk en masse down the hill to talk to the veterans for 15 minutes.

As a result of that meeting, Linebacker Don Goode, one of San Diego's two first-round draft choices, joined the picket line the following day. Charger Owner Gene Klein immediately announced that unless Goode returned he would forfeit his bonus money. The next day Goode walked back up the hill.

Both sides viewed the San Diego experience as a victory, but in truth it hardened the differences between them. Many owners, Klein included, blamed Garvey for selling the players on a program the owners think will run football. They accused the players of making pawns of the rookies. The players said the owners were pressuring the rookies and making pawns of the fans. "For owners to expect fans to spring for the product they're putting together is an insult," said Curry.

—continued

## And these are the schools where you'll find Air Force ROTC.

The biggest insult seemed to be shaping up in Huntsville, Texas, where Houston Oilers Coach Sid Gillman opened his training camp on Saturday to 103 rookies, even though the Oilers did not have a choice in last year's draft until the fourth round.

"This is fun," said Gillman. "It's all relative. After five days, if we put the same numbers on these guys as our stars wear, you wouldn't know the difference." The less analysis of that statement the better. Still, the Oilers are not going to tempt fate when it comes to attracting an audience. They'll play their first rookie scrimmage in Huntsville state prison.

The picketers seemed most worried that the army of Houston unknowns might actually join their pocket line. "We're not even going to ask these rookies to come out," said Curry. "We wouldn't know what to do with them." Not that any of the rookies seemed likely to leave on his own accord. As free agent Richard Wilkins put it, "If I walk out, the Oilers will just say, 'Walk on.'"

By the end of the work attention was focusing on the training camps of the Miami Dolphins and the College All-Stars, who are scheduled to play in Chicago on July 26. If the game cannot be played—and the veterans insist that, one way or another, it will not be played without a contract settlement—the owners will feel the pressure that the strike is supposed to exert. Dolphin rookies, however, are having a hard time forgetting that seven current Miami veterans, including Player Representative Dong Swift, made the squad as rookies during the 1970 player strike. Even several veteran Dolphin players are considering reporting to camp. Tight End Jim Mandich said he was quitting the union and crossing the pocket line no matter what. Then it was revealed that he was not a dues-paying member of the union in the first place. "We've written out a check to refund the dues he didn't pay," said Garvey, compounding the Albie in Wonderland confusion.

If the impasse continues, future issues of the players' publication, *The Available*, may introduce a cartoon figure named Willie Willie-a-Picket. Garvey more or less created Willie himself. "It's one thing to talk about picketing," he said, "and another to do it. That was the important thing about this first week. We didn't know if Willie could or would walk. But he did."

END

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# 4 MINUTES AND 20 YEARS



*In 1954, gasping with effort on Oxford's Iffley Road track, Roger Bannister ran the first four-minute mile. Now a prominent neurologist and chairman of the British Sports Council, his celebrity is undimmed, although critics say his idealist's view of athletics is anachronistic*

**by KENNY MOORE**

CONTINUED

**I**s is an impertinence," declares the Secretary for Science and Education, in opening the British Medical Association Seminar on Sport and Sport Injuries, "to offer an introduction to our first speaker, who the other day made us feel so very old by celebrating the 20th anniversary of his running the four-minute mile—Dr. Roger Bannister."

Bannister, still an angular, though slightly stooped figure, faces a stuffy gathering of perhaps 80 physicians, nearly all male and middle-aged, putting aside their morning papers. Few appear physically fit, and some display beneath their tweeds and pinstripes sizable convexity. They seem the sort of staid British doctors who, in the phrase of Dr. Hugh Burry, regard sports injuries as "self-inflicted."

Bannister's talk is graceful and conciliatory to those in his audience unconvinced of the causal connection between exercise and disease prevention. "The relationship of health and sport is a tangled web," he says, "but I believe sport is a natural, wholesome, enjoyable form of human expression comparable to the arts, which deserves support for its own sake. Whatever improvement in health that may come through participation ought to be viewed as a bonus." He outlines the advice doctors might give to patients clamoring to take up sporting pursuits, warning against sudden unaccustomed exertions and the "unfortunate fizzling out

of fitness schemes like physical jerks [calisthenics], which often seem too sterile to truly engage many participants."

He describes his hopes as chairman of Britain's Sports Council, which this year will channel \$16 million in government funds into sport. Its theme, "Sport for All," is based upon the assumption that in England's highly urban society all that is needed to promote sporting activity is to provide facilities. Hence the council has encouraged the construction of indoor sports centers in major population areas, of which 200 of a projected 800 are in operation. "Sports facilities—squash courts, recreation rooms, swimming pools," Bannister predicts, "will become a mandatory part of every new hotel, factory, flat or office building, as usual and necessary as modern plumbing."

He remarks on the boredom and vague unease which send one-third of all patients to general practitioners. "Sport is not a panacea or religion, but I think we have yet to find how many of these troubled people might be helped by recreation and physical activity. As doctors, we seem cast in the bleak role of saying 'no' to so many things—eating, smoking, drinking, drugs and now even to too many babies. Our cumulative advice is deadening, giving people a negative view of health. Instead, could we not say a massive 'yes' to recreational pursuits, thus giving a buoyant, pos-

Bannister, whose sport is now orienteering, jogs through a London park with his four children. (From left) Charlotte, Thurston, Erin and Clive.



tive view of health?" His audience murmurs approval.

Bannister first began giving this speech in 1972, had it printed in the *British Medical Journal* late that year, and squeezed most of it into an article written for *The New York Times* this spring on the anniversary of the four-minute mile, yet his delivery gives no hint of the age of his material, and his listeners are rapt. He is a bubbly man, informed with energy, given to quick leaps. Often he speaks from a crouched, praying mantis position, straightening suddenly and throwing out his hands at the arrival of a crucial point. It becomes clear in a brief question and answer session that he has aroused a rather naive fervor. One excited doctor propounds an impromptu plan "to turn Hyde Park into a country club for the working people." Another asserts that the health of the nation surely would be advanced by showing a film of Dr. Bannister jogging on the common in his neighborhood. A third proposes a revolutionary physiological course: rather than exercise so vigorously that the heart rate rises and respiration increases, he urges moving so slowly that none of this happens. "More beneficial by far," he says, "to exercise so gradually that every muscle fiber must for the moment bear the weight of the entire limb." The man seems to have arrived independently, though thousands of years late, at the oriental discipline of Tai Chi Chuan.

Bannister is equal to these eccentric schemes, explaining that the sports centers all contain social facilities, and Hyde Park might present problems in that its royal charter goes back to Henry VIII. He says he is reconciled to the fact that only a small proportion of Britons find enough enjoyment in running to do it regularly, so he would prefer a film showing a variety of the 100 or more sports available in the country. He gives his blessing to the proponent of slow motion, "especially with geriatric patients."

At lunchtime the assembly removes, with some haste, to the Great Hall of the British Medical Association, an echoing chamber of marble columns and vaulted ceiling, adorned with flags and coats of arms. Uniformed waiters circulate through the crush, dispensing three shades of sherry. "This is testimony to the drawing power of Dr. Bannister," says one physician, protecting his glass of amontillado against the jostling of his colleagues. "There are twice as many attending today as there usually are."

As the members fill plates from a vast buffet and take seats at tables ranged among the pillars, Bannister floats and darts among the most influential. "I hope you'll forgive me for repeating the same old things," he says to one, "but I believe it's a matter of getting the message out to the widest audience." He deftly slips from the grasp of an elderly gentleman who is rapturous over meeting the man who rescued his faith in British force of will during those difficult years after the war, saying, "You're too kind, really. Will you excuse me? There are several people here whose attitudes I must modify." He goes off toward an adviser to a cabinet minister while the old man looks after him with

longing. "Dr. Bannister captured the imagination of Britain 20 years ago," he says, "and I don't believe he's relinquished us yet."

Memories pass into myth. Scattered across the downs and coal yards of England are dozens of cinder tracks upon which the locals now swear Bannister ran the first four-minute mile. A jogger being teased today is as likely to be compared unfavorably with Bannister as with present British record holders Dave Bedford and Brendan Foster.

Bannister was special, so overwhelmingly applauded that it seems evident the style of the man and his accomplishments must have fulfilled some deep need of his time. Derek Johnson, the Olympic silver medalist at 800 meters in 1956, was a contemporary. "His every ingredient touched the British psyche," says Johnson. "He embodied the trust the nation places in the university and professional classes. He appealed to the tradition of amateurism—the idea of pursuing sport on one's own terms, of keeping it in perspective. The mile itself had certain hypnotic properties then—four laps to be done in four minutes—and finally, he just looked good running. He was tall, with that long stride, and always moving with a degree of suppressed anguish."

Anguish was essential in an era when running was characterized by unrestrained sentiment. "The art of running the mile," wrote Paul O'Neil, covering the Bannister-John Landy "Miracle Mile" for the first issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in August 1954, "consists, in essence, of reaching the threshold of unconsciousness at the instant of breasting the tape. . . . Few events in sport offer so ultimate a test of human courage and human will and human ability to dare and endure for the simple sake of struggle." Bannister seemed to lend substance to such heroic judgment by collapsing a few yards past the finish in his major races, but the reason for this was not inherent to a well-run mile—he did not train enough to withstand the strain of racing, a fact he now freely admits. Yet at the time Bannister's own prose contributed to the view that a fast mile was an act of supreme passion. "It was intensity of living, joy in struggle, freedom in toil, satisfaction at the mental and physical cost," he wrote in 1955 in his book, *The Four Minute Mile*. "Whether as athletes we liked it or not, the four-minute mile had become rather like an Everest—a challenge to the human spirit." The statement contains his acceptance of the public imagination, his willingness to carry vicarious hopes. Describing the actual running of the historic race on Oxford's Iffley Road track, May 6, 1954, he wrote: "I had a moment [with 300 yards to go] of mixed joy and anguish, when my mind took over. It raced well ahead of my body and drew my body compellingly forward. . . . The only reality was the next two hundred yards of track under my feet. The tape meant finality—extinction perhaps. . . . The air I breathed filled me with the spirit of the track where I had run my first race. The noise in my ears was that of the

faithful Oxford crowd. . . . The faint line of the finishing tape stood ahead as a haven of peace. . . . The arms of the world were waiting to receive me if only I reached the tape without slackening. . . . I leapt at the tape like a man taking his last spring to save himself from the chasm that threatens to engulf him."

This vibrant description caught the public fancy, but a good many athletes who had experienced similar circumstances, if not similar transports, cringed. "I was in charge of preparing the track for that run, and I did it well," says Derek Johnson facetiously, "but if I'd known the rubbish that was to come out of that, I'd have let him catch his spikes."

Today, of course, Bannister's best clockings have been surpassed hundreds of times. And as it seems possible that women will be running the four-minute mile before this century ends, reassessment has set in. Harry Wilson, the British national distance-running coach, says, "I think it's bloody silly to put flowers on the grave of the four-minute mile, now isn't it? It turns out it wasn't so much like Everest as it was like the Matterhorn; somebody had to climb it first, but I hear now they've even got a cow up it."

Says one of Wilson's charges, Steve Ovett, "I think the idea of four minutes as a barrier had held people back. Bannister was a romantic about it, but it's just a time, isn't it?" Just a time to Ovett, certainly, who has run four minutes at age 17.

However, it could not have been wholly the passing magic of the four-minute mark that made Roger Bannister material for legend. His wondrous appeal must have had something to do with the kind of man he seemed, the philosophy he symbolized.

In his book he traces an unhappy childhood, that of a shy, studious boy for whom failure was excruciating. Running, and winning, the annual junior cross-country race at Bath Boys' School was a means to acceptance, to not being called a grind. "I am sure that I was not a better runner than the others, in the sense of having more innate ability. I just knew I had to win for the sake of peace."

Bannister began his study of medicine at Oxford when he was 17. Fired by the example of Sydney Wooderson, who held the mile and 880 world records before the war (4:06.4 and 1:49.2), he trained once a week (in later years half an hour a day) and took to heart the traditional Oxford sporting values of self-reliance and moderation. "I think we are sometimes wrong to criticize ambition," he wrote, "if we can shelve it when the right moment comes and not become embittered because of failure. . . ." He coached himself. "The human body is centuries in advance of the physiologist. . . . Improvement in running depends on self-discipline . . . acute observation . . . judgment. . . . If a man coaches himself, then he has only himself to blame when he's beaten. My ideal athlete was first and foremost a human being who ran his sport and did not allow it to run him."

Norris McWhirter, who with twin brother Ross edits the *Guinness Book of World Records*, met Bannister at Oxford in 1947. They are now godfathers to each other's children.

Coaxed from his office and a welter of telegrams claiming new world records, McWhirter unwinds in the Robin Hood Pub, Enfield. "Very restless, the world of records," he says. "The tallest tree grows another foot, the longest mustache another inch. This morning we heard a Texas company has drilled a hole 5.9 miles deep." McWhirter, who was a sprinter, apparently loves his work. He notes that the *Gamewell Book* has sold more than 21 million copies. "Behind Spock, but we'll overtake him by the Montreal Olympics. Ah, it's Bannister you want to know about?" Born 23 March 1929, Butler Road, Harrow; father Ralph a civil servant in the Exchequer and Audit Department; one of 104 neurologists in Great Britain; a consultant in neurology at St. Mary's Hospital and at the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases. "At length the facts give way to a more personal description. "I'm an expert on extremes, you see. Most people who are the best at something have some comforting drive. The exception is Roger Bannister. He is the most unneurotic person I know. He trained hard, at least for those days, but nothing was twisted; he enjoyed his sport. As a matter of philosophy he took his running only to the point where it ceased being enjoyable. Even at Oxford medicine was at the core of his life." McWhirter smiles mysteriously for a moment, remembering, then brings all of his 21 years of broadcasting experience to bear on the telling of a story.

"In 1951 Roger did some physiological research under Dr. D. J. C. Cunningham of Oxford, attempting to determine whether pure oxygen or a mixture of air and oxygen was better for a body under stress. They had a treadmill—absolutely remorseless, this machine. It was the equal of running up Everest in six hours; anyone would break. You had to breathe from great gasbags and they had blood gases which sprang a blade into your finger to measure lactic acid levels as you labored on. You poured sweat, your spine turned to rubber, and driving up the incline there was the most extraordinary effect of your chin and knees meeting in front of you. Near the end there was blood all over, and when you broke, you staggered and rolled off onto a mattress, trying to hit the 'off' switch as you went down. Roger himself ran to breaking on at least 11 occasions. Compared to that, the four-minute mile was like a day off. The point, of course, is that this had nothing to do with sport or improving performance. It was medicine."

As chairman of the Sports Council, Bannister has of course been interested in the medical aspects of sport, and he has become a prime moving force in the war against anabolic steroids, the artificial hormones used by many weight lifters and field event men. In October 1973 he announced that a research team led by Professor Raymond Brooks and funded by the Sports Council had developed a radio immunoassay screening test for steroids. Immediately, he called for the International Olympic Committee to officially ban steroids, which it did on May 6, 1974.

But all is not serene. Because the benefits of steroids (essentially strength and muscle bulk) are said to continue for some weeks after the drug has passed from the body, it would seem possible for a shotputter to take steroids during a season's training, quit a week or two before the Olymp-

*continued*





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pics and pass the screening test. To prevent such occurrences the IOC has said it hopes the various international sporting federations will institute season-long spot checks. But such programs are not yet mandatory, raising the specter of the ban being unevenly enforced around the world. Consequently, British weight men, fearing their country will comply while others will not, see Bannister's zeal as having done them in. "The East German sports machine is based on drugs," says shotputter Mike Welch, himself a qualified research biochemist. "You're not going to catch them with any spot checks when it takes six weeks just to get a visa into the country. All this is going to do is make it impossible for the Western athletes to compete equally."

Welch points out a further danger. "A screening test is just that; it determines only that there is a steroid in the blood or urine. Then they have to use what is called a gas-liquid chromatography/mass spectrometry examination to find exactly which steroid it is, because if it happens to be testosterone, the natural male hormone, they cannot say it isn't the subject's own, so he cannot be disqualified. What are weight men going to do? Experiment with pure testosterone, naturally, which in terms of side effects, like liver and prostate damage and atrophy of the testes, is much more dangerous than the artificial anabolic agents."

One prominent British athlete, who admits he used to take steroids, says, "Bannister has been glib in assuming that all sports administrations want to eliminate these agents. It's not Roger Bannister's duty to protect me; it's my duty. I don't condone or condemn steroids, but if we want to compete, they seem here to stay. We do need medical supervision for safety. Bannister could be of some help instead of simply being aghast. As it is, I'm ashamed he's English."

In the cool dimness of the Robin Hood, Norris McWhirter reflects on the controversy. "We are speaking of agents that can turn a 160-pound man into a 280-pound shotputter. I'm sure Roger feels agents such as these distort the human body, not glorify it, and I agree. In a competitive world we have Gresham's Law, which states that bad currency drives out good. We can see this working in many areas. Criminals start to carry guns, so the police have to have them. Pornography has to become more and more gross in order to compete, until eventually you reach the bottom of the sink. Most athletes wouldn't consider using steroids, but are driven to out of their desire for self-expression and success. They want to keep pace. Thus the nature of the world requires us to choose whether the freedom to confront oneself is more important than the freedom to compete equally without being forced to confront oneself. It is one or the other."

Christopher Brasher set the pace for the first 2½ laps of the four-minute mile and later won the 1956 Olympic steeplechase. Now a successful journalist, he has kept his ties with Bannister and introduced him to his present sport, orienteering. If the occasion demands, however, Brasher can be bluntly honest about his old and close friend. "He has erred in saying the steroid problem is broken because of this new test," Brasher says firmly. "It's obvious that the test will be

circumvented unless there is worldwide, season-long monitoring by Olympic Committee doctors, a measure no one seriously contemplates."

How does he account for Bannister's repeated assurances otherwise?

"To a degree, Roger is deceiving himself. He did the same in his book," Brasher says, as a case in point, that despite Bannister's assertions of independence, he did have a coach, Franz Stampfl, who was "mighty" for six months before the 1954 breakthrough. "Chris Chataway, Bannister and I trained with Stampfl two or three times a week. Stampfl planned the whole race. He rode with Bannister on the train from London to Oxford on race day, convincing him that he was capable of 3:56 and that even in the wind that was blowing he would do under four."

In his book Bannister minimizes Stampfl's influence, writing of that train ride: "I would have liked his advice and help at this moment, but could not bring myself to ask him. It was as if now, at the end of my running career, I was being forced to admit that coaches were necessary after all." Asked or not, Stampfl spoke, and encouraged Bannister to an all-out effort. There is almost no further mention of Stampfl in the book.

"As Roger saw it, it wasn't a falsehood to omit him," says Brasher. "He had labored through eight years of preparation, all of it inspired by a dream of self-reliance, of doing it alone. When the time came, he wrote the dream instead of the reality."

There is, therefore, as Brasher is right, some irony to Bannister's words at the book's conclusion: "In real life . . . we can play hide-and-seek with reality, never facing the truth about ourselves. In sport we cannot."

Roger Bannister is among the most private of public men. The trailing observer finds him inexhaustibly polite through the gamut of receptions, prizegivings, teas and football cup finals at which his presence is demanded. Cheerfully distant, he is a master at remembering new acquaintances' titles, universities and interests. Reciting these, he constantly introduces his questioners to one another.

Those fortunate enough to see him at home, however, find him open—and complex. Edwardes Square, in the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea, faces onto an iron-fenced, four-acre block of birch and oak, lilac and green where Bannister jogs for 20 minutes in the evenings. This particular Saturday morning a white camellia blooms in the dooryard of No. 31. Bannister, in an old sweater, leads his callers through a narrow hall—where resides the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sportsman of the Year trophy for 1954—into a comfortable sitting room. There is a photograph of the young Bannister shaking hands with Churchill, a phenology chart on a ceramic skull, an attractive blue oriental rug, a Diego Rivera picture of a bending nude. It is a room that speaks of education, taste and a feeling inescapable in all but the newest British houses' tradition.

His visitors are interested in Bannister's opposition to anabolic steroids, and discuss numerous means athletes have employed or contemplated to improve performance: weight lifting, interval training, vitamins, altitude training,

*continued*



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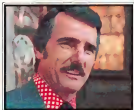
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*"A clerk says, 'Hi, Mr. Weaver,' and then asks me for identification..."*

*"You suddenly remember you need cash for the weekend and the bank just closed..."*

*"There has to be a better way. I guess that's why 7,000 more people get a BankAmericard every day."*

A better way. That's what millions of Americans who carry BankAmericard have discovered.

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It lets you buy when and where you choose without carrying cash. A BankAmericard is welcomed at a million and a half friendly places around the world. Not just at hotels and restaurants,\*but at all kinds of local shops.

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Of course, when you need cash, most BankAmericards are welcome at 42,000 bank locations all over the world.

That's why the Weavers and millions of other Americans carry it.

Don't you think it's time you found out what it can do for you? BankAmericard. It's more than money.



More  
than money.

"blood doping," genetic engineering. Before the list is complete Bannister's hands have flown up. "Life is about drawing lines," he says. "We must draw the line at anabolic steroids. These are not salt tablets taken to replace a natural chemical, but synthetic hormones taken to *artificially* improve performance. They are drugs, and drugs are a violation of the code. Many official bodies preferred to look the other way or to insist that anabolic steroids were like barbiturates or amphetamines. 'You have to have a test you can give on the day of the race or it's no good,' they said. That would be magic, not science. The problem has been to alter this thinking, to get acceptance of the use of season-long checking. Of course, there is more convincing to be done, but with the IOC announcement of the ban, we have a firm step forward."

There have been vague thumpings throughout the house as he has been speaking. Now his wife Moyra, a gracious and learned woman, comes to say he has a telephone call, and stays to give the visitors a glimpse at the family scrapbook. A headline from a story about the birth of their youngest child reads, BANNISTERS MAKE IT FOUR. A photograph shows the doctor running in a waistcoat and winning—by inches—an 80-yard fathers' race at his sons' London school in 1965. "The boys forced him into it," says Moyra, and

indicates the father who was second. "The poor man had a heart attack that evening and died a short while later. Roger wrote to the headmaster and said they must never again have an all-out fathers' race." There is a photograph of Moyra's father, Per Jacobsson, who was chairman of the International Monetary Fund, with Eisenhower, and one of Roger receiving a cup from the Queen.

Moyra had no consuming interest in sport while she was growing up (Norms McWhirter has remarked, "When they met she had some vague idea that Roger was the first man to run four miles in a minute") but has been involved in government commissions on social policy and shares Bannister's near-evangelical conviction that sport must be spread across the land. "Everyone has these needs," she says. "It is scandalous that there are so many urban areas with no opportunities for physical expression, none at all. It's almost sad that . . . well, after the war the bomb sites were absolutely heaven for the children. Due to the English climate they were soon overgrown with greenery and flowers. All that's been built over. All that escape has been taken away. Any mother who's got to raise children in a confined space knows the need. The thing cries out to one."

"It's known now that the rate of one's neurosis is directly related to the height of one's flat in those vast tower

continued

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*John Newcombe*

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"That's the benefit of sport," says Bannister with force. "All the confusion and turmoil of adolescence is thrust into the background when you compete. The

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THE GREAT AMERICAN BASEBALL CARD FLIPPING, TRADING AND BUBBLE GUM BOOK conjures up those magical days when a nickel used to get you the boys of summer and a pink slab of gum. More than 200 baseball cards are reproduced in "living color," along with a host of fabulous reminiscences, and a special pilgrimage to the "bubble gum capital of the world"—the Topps Chewing Gum Company in Brooklyn, New York.

"Rip Repulski, Pumpsie Green, Choo Choo Coleman, Coot Veal, Elmer Valo, Eli Grba, Ferris Fain, Marv Throneberry—we knew their stats, we were serious, we were believers. So are Boyd and Harris...A solid hit in any league."

"A trip down memory lane, a remembrance of the moldy-olde faces of the great game of baseball...an easy book to pick up—it has lots of pictures—and a difficult book to put down."—*New York Times Book Review*

## THE GREAT AMERICAN

# Baseball Card

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*\*Karlus Brown*

## BANNISTER *—reminisc*

essence of sport is that while you are doing it nothing else matters, but after you stop, there is a place, generally not very important, where you would put it."

That is, there is a place where Roger Bannister would put it. "There are countries where success at sport is used to justify the nation's way of life," he says. "But this leads to success at any price. It means using scientists and doctors in the effort and requiring sacrifice of great chunks of the young lives of athletes. I see that as going a step too far."

Thus Bannister seems to resist giving full consideration to the progressive inroads of science into sport. Physiological and psychological research aimed at identifying potential champions, he feels, "simply make it no longer sport. But I am a tolerable physiologist, and I don't believe research will ever predict whether X or Y will win a race. Performance is physiology combined with mental capacities, and every individual combines them in a unique way. It would be a total mess if you could forecast who would become a champion, what would be the point of an athlete's continuing? I hope, as I said in my book, that frightening day will never come."

Bannister looks around at his children, who obviously give him enormous pleasure. He settles further into his chair. "You know, when I wrote that book, the feelings were fresh. I still could feel the pain and urgency of adolescence. Now I am old. I don't know what it's like to be young any more."

But Roger Bannister is not old. He remembers what it was like to pour his life into his sport. Above all he is a man of his era and its expectations. He always has conceived of sport as a preparation for life, and so must stand uncomprehending before such obsession as expressed by shotputter Mike Winch: "Today, for a world-class athlete, the decision, the sacrifice, have to be absolutely total. You are creating yourself as an athlete. Sport is your life."

Bannister still symbolizes the ideal of keeping one's life "undistorted." If, as it seems, the idea of total sport is in the ascendant, Bannister must now also represent that inevitable distance, unbridgeable, between the cool appraisal of sport as social benefit and the fires of self-creation. In a world described by Gresham's Law, Bannister's dream must be increasingly hard to live.

END



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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 1-7

**BOBING**—South Korean SUD HWAN HONG won the WUSA tenmeterskiff championship, scoring a decisive over the defending 116-pound title, Arnold Torio, of South Africa in a 35-second heat in Dallas.

**SEAL**—Landing all the way, EED SNEED clinched early on the \$10,000 Gatorade Milwaukee Open at Tackaway Country Club, finishing in 27th. He was 11 under par, but two strokes ahead of second-place finished Jackson Carron.

**SUE ROBERTS**, of Columbus, Ohio, gained her first tour victory and \$5,000, on the \$15,000 Niagara Frontier Classic at River Oaks Country Club in Grand Island, N.Y. Her 34-hole total of 273, six under par, put her two strokes ahead of second-place finished Jackson Carron.

**HARRIS**—ARTIE REYER and MIKE DIK, M.A.N., representing the Kentucky (N.Y.) 11 Haines Handicap Club, upset the No. 1 seeded team of Rudy Oler and Joel Winkler, of the New York Athletic Club, 21-15 and 21-16 to take the National A.A.U. cross-country doubles championship at the Brighton Beach Regatta in Brooklyn.

**HARRIS**—SUE DALKAE (57:00), driven by Ben Dewes, took the \$52,500 first leg of the U.S. Pacing Championship stags at Rosemead Raceway, which he swept last year. Set Dalkae covered the distance in 1:39, with Sandy Aronson three-quarters of a length back and finished American Night Hand.

**HARRIS**—FOREGO (52:00), Helene Gynthus aboard, overtook Betty Cose Lately in the stretch of the \$111,000 Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct to win the mile and 3/16ths race by three-quarters of a length in 1:54 1/2.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—During last lap trials in the Mercedes PEAKSON signed Richard Petty in a Dodge to win the \$100,000 400 at Daytona International Speedway. Peardon's average speed was a slow 136.863 mph (per 75).

Sweden's KONNIE PETERSON strolled in JPS-Leds to a narrow victory in the French Grand Prix at Claydon, 119.33 mph against the locals, including Ferrari Driver Niki Lauda, of Austria, and Clay Braxton, of Switzerland, finished two-thirds, moving three into the top two spots in the Formula 1 championship standings.

**ROWING**—The SOVIET UNION took top honors at the Henley Royal Regatta at Henley on Thames, England. Russian rowers won trophies in the heavyweight eight, coxed four and two pairs. The Polish Boat Club of Henley won the other coxed four race, and Hely Spier High, of Abasco, N.J., took the skiffing eight.

**ROGER**—WEST GERMANY brought the World Cup home for the first time in 20 years with a 2-1 victory over the favored Netherlands at Olympic Stadium in Munich. In the consolation, Poland took the bronze, besting defending champion Brazil 1-0.

**NASE**—On the strength of seven straight wins, Seattle is showing up on Los Angeles in the Western Division race. The clotted game Dallas sole possession of the Central Division lead, ahead of Denver, which dropped New York 2-0. Rochester made four straight, with a 1-0 win over Toronto, and moved up to challenge Boston in the Northern Division after the Marquette team was shaken by the San Jose Quake 2-1. Vancouver dumped New York 2-0, but the Cosmos came back to victory Washington 3-1. In other action, Philadelphia defeated San Jose 2-1 and Miami beat Washington 2-1 in the breaker.

**SWIMMING**—ANNE KATRIN SCHOTT, 14, shared a record of the women's 200-meter freestyle world record, with a 2:27.8 performance in the East German championships at Rostock. Schott edged the mark of 2:28.5 set in 1988 by American Carrie Hall.

**TENNIS**—A London booker sent the "Love Duck" off at 26-1, and previous early Wimbledon bettors called her a longshot. In the men's singles final JIMMY CONNORS crushed a weary Ken Rosewall in straight sets 6-1, 6-1, 6-4, and CHRIS EVERT won the women's final 6-0, 6-4 over Serena's Olga Morosova (per 75). JOHN McWONG and TERRY ROCKHILL took the men's doubles 6-4, 6-4, 6-4 over Sam Smith and Hugh Lauder, while EVONNE GOULDING and PEGGY MICHEL beat Kusan Krasner and Helen Gossley in the women's doubles 7-6, 6-4, 6-1. BILLIE JEAN KING secured her 10th Wimbledon title, beating with OWEN PATERSON to win the mixed doubles 6-3, 9-7 from Mark Farnell and Lesley Charles.

**TRACK & FIELD**—The Soviet Union defeated the U.S. 75-100 in their 12th annual super meet, but the 16,300 fans in Durham, N.C., cheered nonetheless as REGGIE JONES completed a spectacular triple, converting a pole start in the 100-meter dash to first Olympic gold medalist Valery Borzov, who finished third behind Mark Lutz, with a time of 20.8 seconds. Earlier, Jones had captured the 100 meters in 10.2 and anchored the 440-yard relay team to victory in 39.3. Jones' knees contributed to the U.S. men's 117-102 edge over the Russians. RICK WOHLHUTER triumphed easily at 800 meters, leaving home in 1:44. DARWIN BOND took the 400 meters in 46.1, and Lesel VOM BELL won the

110-meter hurdles in 13.5. The 400-meter hurdler won to JIMMY GAVIN, 4:40.3, as the 1,500-meter runner JIM HONNOR clocked an 8:33.5 to win the 3,000-meter steeplechase, and DOCK BUTRICK, out-paced the 3,000-meter race, with a time of 13:38.1. SAM COLSON (28:47) and Fred Lutz (27:17) finished ahead of former world record holder Janis Lums in the javelin, but ALEXEY SPILKOVIN set a U.S. all-comers record in the hammer throw with a heave of 244.1 ft. In a repeat of his 1986-meter race, MARY DICKER out-kicked Nicole Sabane, hitting the tape in 2:02.7. LYDIA BRAGINA broke her 3,000-meter world record with a time of 8:57. American women's victory by JONI BRUNTELL in the high jump (5 ft 10 in), ELISA SAPIROVA in the 400 (12.1) and RICHARD BROWN in the 100 (11.5) could not offset the Soviet women's power, the Russians romping 90-67.

East German REINHARD THEIMER extended the world record in the hammer throw to 236.47 at Leipzig, breaking the record of 236.87 set in 1971 by West German's Walter Schuler.

**BASEBALL**—RETIRED San Diego Charger Running Back MIKE GARRETT, 36, eight-year pro veteran and 1965 Heisman Trophy winner, in order to work with a drug rehabilitation program. As a pro, Garrett twice exceeded 1,000 yards rushing in a season. He ranked fourth in current ratings (5,481) among active players and 11th overall.

**SOLD**—The second of four lots of the late Jack Dick's collection of English sporting paintings (No. 1) for \$141,300, at an auction conducted by Sotheby's of London.

**DIED**—CHARLIE LOITUS, 55, sports information director of Yale University from 1943 to 1964, when he retired to form his own public relations firm; of a heart attack, in New Haven, Conn.

**DIED**—GEORGE WILLIAM HANAS, 70, star outfielder for the 1929 and 1930 world champions Philadelphia Athletics, of a heart attack, in New Orleans, La., who married in 1938 with a 292 lifetime batting average, was best remembered for his home runs in the fourth and fifth games of the 1929 World Series against the Chicago Cubs.

**DIED**—DELE WEBB, 75, who with the late Don Taylor co-edited the New York Times 1964-1966, of complications following surgery for lung cancer, in Rochester, Mass. Webb, a former newspaper editorial board member, also parlayed an off-season building company into a multimillion-dollar construction empire, was responsible for bringing Casey Stengel from the Yankees Club League to manager of the Yankees in 1946.

## CREDITS

7.—New York, 17.—Tate, 18.—Gavin, 19.—Gavin, 20.—Lutz, 21.—Lutz, 22.—Lutz, 23.—Lutz, 24.—Lutz, 25.—Lutz, 26.—Lutz, 27.—Lutz, 28.—Lutz, 29.—Lutz, 30.—Lutz, 31.—Lutz, 32.—Lutz, 33.—Lutz, 34.—Lutz, 35.—Lutz, 36.—Lutz, 37.—Lutz, 38.—Lutz, 39.—Lutz, 40.—Lutz, 41.—Lutz, 42.—Lutz, 43.—Lutz, 44.—Lutz, 45.—Lutz, 46.—Lutz, 47.—Lutz, 48.—Lutz, 49.—Lutz, 50.—Lutz, 51.—Lutz, 52.—Lutz, 53.—Lutz, 54.—Lutz, 55.—Lutz, 56.—Lutz, 57.—Lutz, 58.—Lutz, 59.—Lutz, 60.—Lutz, 61.—Lutz, 62.—Lutz, 63.—Lutz, 64.—Lutz, 65.—Lutz, 66.—Lutz, 67.—Lutz, 68.—Lutz, 69.—Lutz, 70.—Lutz, 71.—Lutz, 72.—Lutz, 73.—Lutz, 74.—Lutz, 75.—Lutz, 76.—Lutz, 77.—Lutz, 78.—Lutz, 79.—Lutz, 80.—Lutz, 81.—Lutz, 82.—Lutz, 83.—Lutz, 84.—Lutz, 85.—Lutz, 86.—Lutz, 87.—Lutz, 88.—Lutz, 89.—Lutz, 90.—Lutz, 91.—Lutz, 92.—Lutz, 93.—Lutz, 94.—Lutz, 95.—Lutz, 96.—Lutz, 97.—Lutz, 98.—Lutz, 99.—Lutz, 100.—Lutz, 101.—Lutz, 102.—Lutz, 103.—Lutz, 104.—Lutz, 105.—Lutz, 106.—Lutz, 107.—Lutz, 108.—Lutz, 109.—Lutz, 110.—Lutz, 111.—Lutz, 112.—Lutz, 113.—Lutz, 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# English Leather Soap on-a-Rope. One Man. One Scent.

Why shouldn't the rest of you smell as good as your face?

Shower-up with English Leather. Soap-on-a-Rope. That way you'll have that clean honest scent of English Leather all over.

And our soaps are hard milled. Which means they last a long time. So you'll have that great English Leather scent until you've nothing left of the soap but the rope.



## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

### COMING TO GRIPS

Sir,

Congratulations on your bringing a part of the World Cup to the States (*The Cup That Grips the World*, July 1). It is a shame, however, that none of our three major networks brought us this great sport spectacle. Soccer in America has already been established, now we must strive to attain a style of play that is characteristically American. To obtain this individuality, it is imperative that we study, then adapt, adopt or dismiss some of the many different aspects of international soccer. What better way is there to do this than bringing the Cup games to the American public?

THOMAS M. NEVERS JR.  
Williamatic, Conn.

### HARD KNOCKS

Sir,

Mark Kram's story (*Hard Sell for Some Hard Knock*, July 1) certainly left this reader in confusion. How could any intelligent being compare a man, Joe Frazier, beaten only by Ali and Foreman, two of history's best, to a Victorian hustler? And why didn't Mr. Kram give some thought to traveling to Albuquerque for the Bob Foster-Jorge Aru-mada fight and explain to the world how a hometown decision robbed a foreigner of the light heavyweight title?

MONTE R. SHUMAKER  
Orlando, Fla.

Sir,

Distasteful would possibly be the most complimentary remark I could make of Mark Kram's postfight analysis of the Joe Frazier-Jerry Quarry fight. Obviously, Mr. Kram has resigned himself to the fact that the heavyweight division today is in a parlous state. Humbly, one begs to differ.

As for his report of the bout—which indeed was a shocking overmatch—one believes Mr. Kram could at least have showed Smokin' Joe the dignity of praise. I searched to discover a good word about the former champion, but none was there. All one could find was the continuing saga of Jerry Quarry, complete with his mother's and wife's expert analysis.

MARTIN O. ZUPFZ  
Virginia, Minn.

Sir,

The boo of the year goes to Joe Louis. I'd like to know who picked him to referee the Quarry-Frazier fight. His performance was worse than Quarry's. Mark Kram put it on the nose when he said Louis was "lost back in the mist with Max Schmeling." It was ridiculous. Quarry staggering, half blind

and ready for brain surgery, and Louis ordering Smokin' Joe to put on the crusher.

MICHAEL KANE  
Vienna, Va.

### PUTTING AN OAR IN

Sir,

I thank Dan Levin (*Smooth and Rude and Fast*, July 1) left out some facts that would have made a great article in themselves—namely, the answer to several questions provoked by his article:

1) Who was the one Harvard oarsman who did not go to private school?

2) Who rowed for four years for Fair Harvard?

3) Who was captain of the Harvard crew?

4) Who had never rowed more than a pram before entering Harvard?

The answers to all these questions is David Fellows from Wayland, Mass.

HAROLD L. BARNETT  
Coquituate, Mass.

### SWINGING SINGLES

Sir,

At a recent game in Cleveland between the Indians and Twins I was watching the Twins take batting practice when I saw Rod Carew (*Butter of Singular Skill*, July 1) yelled out, "Hey, Rod, you going to hit .400?" He turned, smiled and said, "...399."

TERRY FLEMING  
Columbus, Ohio

Sir,

I realize that Ron Fimrite was writing about singles hitters, but it seemed that whenever a comparison was necessary to prove a point, the comparison was made with Onole Second Base man Bobby Grich, who is the exact opposite of Rod Carew. This season Grich is going after the home-run ball instead of trying for singles and the transformation is looking beautiful.

CLIFFORD WEINER  
Baltimore

Sir,

So what if the singles hitter gets on base a lot? A home-run threat will be walked enough times to get on as often as a hit-for-average player. I am not arguing that Rose, Carew, Garr, etc. are not good men, but I think a power hitter can do more for a team.

TOM VIN GUENEN  
Clearfield, Pa.

### SEEING REDS (CONT.)

Sir,

Until Pete Rose unabashedly barreled into Bud Harrelson of the Mets in a dis-

respectful-

# Clear your head.



## ALL NEW HARLEY-DAVIDSON SX-175

With a Harley-Davidson SX-175. A rugged on-road, off-road freedom machine.

It has a two-stroke, oil-injected, chrome bore aluminum cylinder engine that'll move you out and away.

Plus breakerless CDI Ignition, 5-way adjustable rear shocks, 5-speed trans, tachometer, speedometer, solid state rectifier and 12-volt alternator.

And more. I.S.D.T., quick, detachable rear wheel, primary kick start, cross-braced handlebars, oil tank integral with frame. Safety rim locks.

A hefty moto-cross type front fork with 6 1/2" travel, labyrinth seal brake hubs, and full electrics are also part of the bargain. So when things hassle you, throw some stuff on your SX-175, kick her down, and move out to where you can get some freedom and solitude.

And clear your head.

### The Great American Freedom Machine.

AWP Harley Davidson • Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201 • Member Motorcycle Industry Council

# OUT OF HIS BALLPARK



Dave Giusti, pitcher, Pittsburgh Pirates. A MONEY charter subscriber who recently renewed. In baseball Dave Giusti is known as a money player—one of the rare breed who play best when the pressure is greatest. He's been in the major leagues for 10 years and is earning one of the highest salaries for a relief pitcher in the game.



Out of the ballpark, Dave Giusti is one of MONEY Magazine's most loyal fans. "I know my baseball career isn't going to last forever, and I want to maintain my family's lifestyle after I stop playing." He and his wife Ginny have two daughters and have recently purchased a home in the Pittsburgh suburbs. "I know something about the field of personal and family finance but I don't have the confidence there that I have in my pitching. So I use MONEY Magazine as a tool. In fact, I just invested in municipal bonds as a result of an article that appeared in MONEY."

If, like Dave Giusti, you want to find out more ways to use and enjoy the money you've earned, MONEY has what you want. There's no need for you to feel out of the ballpark in the field of personal finance, whether you're a pitcher, a portrait painter or a physician. 450,000 subscribers feel safe at home with MONEY.

# Money

the magazine of personal finance from **TIME INC.**

national playoff game last fall, I had held him in great esteem as an athlete and a gentleman. After that episode, I was convinced he was a mere bully.

However, your revelations (*Beware the Dudes in the Red Hats*, June 24) of routine uncivilized behavior on the part of Sparky Anderson through much of his career suggest that Rose was only endeavoring to conform to expected norms. A man who confuses a game with warfare and his own barbarous behavior with guerrilla tactics is no credit to baseball. By the Reds' behavior one could conclude that baseball has degenerated to the status of professional hockey where tooth by Woolworth are standard equipment.

My loyalty shifts to Walter Aiton & Co.  
GORDON C. BAKER

Elms, N.Y.

#### ANOTHER LOOK

Sir,

Dan Jenkins suggests that Hale Irwin (*Hale Irwin, Safe Survivor*, June 24) may be the first golfer to wear glasses and win the USGA Open Championship. In fact, Irwin is the second to do so. In 1925 Willie MacFarlane wore glasses and beat Bobby Jones for the Open Championship in a 36-hole playoff. A picture of MacFarlane, with glasses, and a report of his fine achievement may be found in the official program for the 1959 Open Championship, which was also held at Winged Foot.

R. C. PALMER

West Hartford, Conn.

Sir,

As one who once caddied for Chick Evans, I know that the first to win the U.S. Open wearing glasses was Francis Ouimet in 1913. He did this in a playoff, as an unsung amateur, after finishing regulation play in a tie with the visiting British slickers, Harry Vardon (great swing) and Ted Ray (who played wearing a stiff collar and a Norfolk jacket).

WHIT HOLLIER

Everton, Ill.

#### LONG BEACH (CONT.)

Sir,

After reading Ray Kennedy's excellent article (*Case 427 Part II—The Payoff*, June 17) on the recurring violations of the Long Beach State basketball and football teams during the past couple of years, I was surprised to read that Abe Lemons, coach and athletic director of Pan American University, was quoted as saying that the Long Beach situation reminded him of "the guy driven down the road don't 40 and everybody else is passing him goin' 80. And a cop stops the guy and he says, 'Why me?' And the cop says, 'Cause you're easier to catch.' " I can clearly see Mr. Lemons' point of view, but

*continued*

Itching,  
chafing,  
rash,  
excessive perspiration,  
irritation,  
in the groin area,  
could be  
**Jock Itch**



**Cruex**  
MEDICATED  
SPRAY-ON  
POWDER



By the makers of Deodorant

Whether you're suffering from the bothersome symptoms, or Jock Itch (*Tinea cruris*), you should be using Cruex® Medicated Spray-On Powder.

Cruex provides fast relief. It soothes itchy, inflamed skin. Absorbs perspiration. Helps cushion against further irritation. And, because it's medicated, Cruex is strong enough to help prevent the fungous infection that can develop when these annoying symptoms are improperly treated.

Since Cruex is a spray-on powder: It penetrates into hard-to-reach places... you avoid the messiness of creams, ointments, and powders... and you eliminate the pain of rubbing, dabbing, or smearing on to sore, inflamed skin.

Get relief—fast. Avoid embarrassing itch, too. With Cruex. Soothing, cooling Cruex.

**Cruex**

Guaranteed to work, or your money back from the manufacturer.



**JOE LOUIS**  
"The Brown Bomber"

**JIM BEAM**

**Two one-of-a-kind originals.**

Two one-of-a-kind originals: JOE LOUIS, heavyweight champion of the world 1937-1949; JIM BEAM, the world's finest bourbon.

80 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLEMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY

## Kids (?) under 18 now free.

At age 17 they're really not kids. Even so, with our new Family Plan at most lodges, they stay free in your room.

Great idea, just in time for summer travel.

**New! Reserve Toll Free**  
**1-800-654-2000**



**HOWARD  
JOHNSON'S**  
MOTOR LODGES  
*The Flavor of America*

**Letters going  
across  
town need  
Zip Codes  
just as much  
as letters  
going across  
the country.**



**Use local  
Zip Codes.  
They're  
right in your  
phone book.**

### 19TH HOLE *continued*

he certainly cannot be trying to justify the actions of Long Beach State by saying that they are not so bad because everyone else is more illegal.

I believe that this whole situation should be cleaned up, starting with the big schools, but if some of the other schools are getting away with what you have been caught doing, that does not make it any less illegal.

RAYMOND PETTY

Torrance, Calif.

### FOR STARTERS

Sir:

The SCORECARD item "Off the Mark" in the June 24 issue regarding the problem of false starting, primarily by sprinters and hurdlers, does not recognize several aspects of the problem. Many starters have a set rhythm à la Lawrence Welk's "a-one, a-two, a-three," which, on the basis of a motor set vs. a sensory set, only encourages false starting. The high school and collegiate rule that the gun be held approximately two seconds after the command "set" is mostly disregarded. The USTFF handbook of track and field, recognizing long-established, valid physical education research, recommends a pause of 1.5 to 1.7 seconds after the command "set." It is surprising that some athletes (and fans) will jump before the start. The AAU rule states that the gun must be fired when all contestants are steady, frequently leading to the "on your marks, bang, set" routine used by some eminent starters. It seems to me the real problem is a new breed of U.S. sprinters who fire a fast gun with no regard for fairness, thus encouraging coaches and athletes to cheat in order to defend themselves against competitors who are doing the same thing.

RALPH E. STERN

Baton Rouge

Sir:

The false-start controversy (SCORECARD, June 24) could be resolved by using some good old-fashioned horse sense. Simply introduce the sprinters to something their equine brothers and sisters have had to put up with for years: the starting gate.

The two-legged runners will surely denounce this idea as "dehumanizing." But, after all, aren't they occasionally subject to urine tests?

ROCCO ZAPPONE

Washington, D.C.

### BAD BEHAVIOR (CONT.)

Sir:

Ron Fierste's description of ugly incidents (*Take Me Out to the Bowl Game*, June 17) furnishes further proof that there is nothing new under the sun—or under the lights.

In your issue of exactly 11 years ago—June 17, 1963—Robert Creamer wrote the following account of sportsmanship, Baltimore style:

*continued*



# THIS YEAR MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WILL LOSE THEIR PAYCHECKS WITHOUT GETTING FIRED.

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## 19TH HOLE continued

"But that was a strange night all around—sad, lively, spectacular, funny, unpleasant. There was the rain, then a cow-milking contest in front of the Osoke dugout starring a cow named Miss Udderly Fascinating, a wet but spinning onto the stands, an empty bottle of Seagram's V.O. thrown at the plate umpire. The oddest and most unbelievable thing of all came as the game ended. The public address system announced that Mantle's X-ray had revealed a fracture. The crowd cheered." Let him cast the first stone: firecracker, bottle, right hook, etc.

MARSHALL H. KUBIN

San Francisco

Sir,

The skillful manner in which Ron Fimre relates sport and social science and blends the two makes for a hard-hitting, timely and introspective look at a problem that may be a burgeoning phenomenon affecting sports everywhere.

ROBERT WYNER

Silver Spring, Md.

Sir,

Why is it, when people ask about unruly sports fans, they liken them to animals in a zoo? The last time I was in a zoo, the animals behaved extremely well and I've heard nothing of any disturbances since I'm sure if the animals could talk we'd be hearing about Animals' I sh.

ELLEN ENGLISH

New York City

## AWESOME REGGIE

Sir,

It is personalities like Jackson that make the world of sports so fascinating. In a period marked by apathy and discontent, it is refreshing to see someone who seems to thoroughly enjoy what he is doing, while displaying such youthful exuberance. Obviously a \$250,000 yearly salary makes things much easier, but Reggie's impressive financial status doesn't seem to have dampened his enthusiasm and determination.

JOHN HREBER

Columbia, Mo.

Sir,

A much-read publication like SI hasn't the right to imply that Reggie Jackson's type of living is a prerequisite to becoming a good athlete. If you're getting low on problem athletes to write about, why not publish reruns on some of the good guys?

CLIM SWAN

South Charleston, W. Va.

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE BUILDING, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.**

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